

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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MISSING PEOPLE AND DEFAULTERS.

Our Next Important Undertaking.

NEVER tiring in our desire to render our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER not only interesting and amusing, but of positive value to the public, we conceived the idea that there was one speciality in which our columns could render inestimable benefit to the public at large, and, perhaps, saving consolation to individuals.

Day after day we read in the papers advertisements of men and women missing. Some have left their home to visit large cities, have reached them, and have disappeared; others have left their houses to call on a near neighbor, and from that hour all traces of them have been lost. These mysteries of our daily life are rarely cleared up—they defy the acute and unwearied searching of our lynx-eyed detective police, and most of them will remain unrevealed until that time when all things shall be known.

That speciality of the Police Department needs some widely-spread organ to aid its researches—one which gives correct and lifelike portraits of missing people, whether missing from circumstances over which they have no control, or for the purpose of eluding their just responsibilities.

Our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the only organ in America which combines an immense circulation, extending, through the attractive character of its contents, over every civilized portion of the globe, with the amplest artistic resources.

We had matured our plan, and were about to address the Police Department upon the subject, when we received a communication from Mr. S. Brevoort, one of the Chief's special aids, who had conceived the same idea, proposing the subject for our consideration.

We immediately addressed a letter to F. A. Tallmadge, Esq., General Superintendent of the Police Department, and received from him the following reply:



MODE OF SWEARING IN THE JURY AS PRACTISED AT WASHINGTON ON THE TRIAL OF DANIEL R. SICKLES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Office of the General Superintendent of Police, 413 Broome street, corner of Elm:

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—New York, April 7, 1859.
SIR—Mr. S. Brevoort some time since suggested to me the propriety of having published in your valuable paper correct portraits of lost or missing individuals, whose absence is unaccounted for.

The suggestion I regarded as an excellent one, and am most happy that you are willing to carry it out.

It will afford a very great and important auxiliary in facilitating the discovery of lost friends, and will present more indelible marks for recognition than any description can afford.

I shall be glad to afford you every facility in the accomplishment of your most laudable efforts for the public good.

Yours very truly,
F. A. TALLMADGE,
General Superintendent of Police.

The importance of our undertaking being thus fully indorsed, we shall enter upon its fulfilment immediately, by commencing this speciality in our next issue. The portraits, which will be received through the General Superintendent, will of course be perfectly reliable, and extraordinary care will be bestowed upon securing in the engraving a faithful fac simile of the original for our columns.

We are satisfied that this new feature will be viewed with deep interest by all, and that important results will spring from it, and thus crown our efforts in the service of the public with success.



A SKETCH OF THE JURY EMPANELLED TO TRY THE HON. DANIEL R. SICKLES, FOR THE SHOOTING OF PHILIP BARTON KEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WASHINGTON.

THE SUMMER BY THE SEA.

You remember the summer, Marita,
The summer we spent by the sea,
In the little brown house at the head of the bay,
Which was open to sunshine all hours of the day;
When the "old folks," Marita, had journeyed away,
And left it to you and to me?

You remember the sea-beach, Marita,
Which gently sloped back to the land,
The pleasant white reaches that bordered the blue;
Where the waves of the ocean told love-tales to you,
Or belted at me when the storm-wind blew,
And were always melodious and grand?

You remember the headland, Marita,
Which jutted far into the sea,
Where the rocks were jagged and scattered and torn,
By the waves of centuries washed and worn,
When the moan of the sea was so wild and forlorn,
But was music to you and to me?

You remember the ocean, Marita;
"Our" ocean, our boundless domain;
Where oft the white sails we watched come and go,
In the mild moonlight or the sunset's glow,
And thought we could look beyond, you know,
Almost to our castles in Spain?

You remember the dreams, Marita,
Which we dreamed by the side of the sea;
The innocent dreams of the coming time,
The beautiful dreams, the dreams sublime,
To which the waves made music and rhyme,
As we dreamed there of you and of me?

We are far apart now, Marita,
As far as we ever could be,
We never shall meet by the seaside again,
And there's something, Marita, that burns in my brain
(I know it's not joy, and it should not be pain),
As I think now of you and of me.

I am dreaming no more, Marita,
And I seldom recall the past;
But remember the faith to which both of us hold,
That though oceans or worlds may between us be rolled,
Yet the beautiful dreams of the days of old
Will surely be true at last.

But, oh! the blue ocean, Marita,
And, oh! the brown house by the sea!
How vainly the years have come and flown,
How vainly the summer suns have shone,
Since the waves by the sea, in the days that are gone,
Made music for you and for me.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Prairie on Fire.—The *Maclean Sentinel* of the 28th ult. gives the following account of a prairie fire. It differs essentially from the description of a similar event in Cooper's "Leatherstocking" novels:

"On Monday last the prairie to the north-west of the town was discovered to be on fire. The wind was blowing quite a gale at the time, and the waves of flame came sweeping toward us with a mighty roar, like unto the breakers of old Ocean. A busy scene among the people was then enacted—men, women and children combined in a little army to keep back the enemy. Weapons of extraordinary appearance and singular construction were used in the melee; here might be seen an individual with his best Sunday coat twisted into a swab, performing feats of prowess with his constantly flying garment; again, a lady, assuming for the first time the peculiar habiliments of her lord, hurried his breeches at the fiery foe with eminent success; another, with great grace and efficacy, wielded a plank, dropping it up on the intruding monster, putting out whole yards of flame at a pop. We contented ourselves with a towel tied to the end of a walking-stick, and with a motion somewhat resembling the thrashing out of grain, did, we think, our part as an extinguisher. All worked hard, and eventually succeeded in saving the town. To a great many citizens the sight was novel, they never having witnessed a prairie fire before; to every one the scene was sublimely beautiful and exciting."

Another Mysterious Murder.—The discovery last week in Albany of a soap-box containing a female body in the office of the Hudson River Railroad Company, led to the belief that it might be that of Mrs. Brennan, whose strange disappearance last July has caused so much excitement.

Coroner Dean, being notified, took the responsibility of opening the box, in consequence of the suspicious stench emitted from it, and found the remains of a female, horribly mangled, and in an advanced state of decomposition—so much so, that there was little upon which to base conjecture as to the circumstances under which the deceased came to her death. The outside of the box bore the address of "H. Rippe (or Kipper), Franklin, Indiana," written on the back of a card, whose face had printed thereon, "From W. J. Barnes, 118 and 120 Third avenue, corner of Fourteenth street, New York."

The publications concerning the matter attracted the attention of the relatives of Mrs. Brennan, who has been missing from her home at Staten Is. and since the 20th of July last, who immediately proceeded to Albany for the purpose of ascertaining whether this body could afford any clue to the cause of her disappearance. They are now engaged with the coroner in the investigation of the circumstances.

Mr. W. J. Barnes, whose name appears upon the back of the card on which the direction for this suspicious box was written, is a highly respectable hardware merchant, and informed the reporter that he knew nothing of the means by which his card came to be used for this purpose. He stated, however, that the Medical College is near his place of business, that the students were in the habit of visiting his store, that cards similar to the one on the box were always lying on the counter near the door, and that he had heard it suggested that possibly some of the medical students had, unthinkingly, taken his card for this purpose in sending a "stiff," as the subjects of dissection are called, to a fellow-student in Indiana, where it might be more difficult to procure subjects than it is here.

Mr. McGrath brought with him a daguerreotype of Mrs. B., and the other morning, in the company of Dr. Armby and Coroner Dean, examined the contents of the soap box. They found the remains in a decaying state, and so mutilated that the doctor could not give an opinion, although he said that they might be those sought after.

Dr. Crane, of New York, brother of the deceased, is expected here in the course of the day. He ridy threw some light upon the mystery, as there are marks upon the nails and fingers of the deceased, which, if it be his sister, he can identify. Coroner Dean is determined to ascertain, if possible, whose these remains are, and he will have no stone unturned that will tend to throw any light upon the present mysterious affair.

A Husband Shot by his Wife.—Monongahela city, in Washington county, was the scene of a very distressing occurrence on the 31st ult. Says the *Pittsburg Chronicle*: It appears that the wife of Captain Bentley, of that place, a young and beautiful woman, is subject to periodical attacks of insanity, during which, for her own safety and that of those around her, it was necessary to keep a close watch upon her actions. Yesterday morning, while laboring under one of these attacks, she tried in some way to get possession of her husband's pistols, the same which he uses when in command of his troop, the "Binggold Cavalry," and procuring powder and ball, loaded them. She then ascended to the garret, and was followed by Mr. Bentley, who was fearful lest she might do herself bodily harm. Just as he reached the head of the last flight of stairs, Mrs. Bentley presented one of the pistols at his head, and discharging it almost immediately, the ball entered the neck, and passing upwards through his jawbone, lodged in the opposite side of the mouth. The unfortunate gentleman's injuries are very severe, and but little hope of his recovery is entertained. His jawbone and teeth were shattered to pieces, while the incessant bleeding which followed renders it almost impossible that he can survive his injuries.

Mr. Bentley is an estimable gentleman, and stands very high in the opinion of all who know him. His lady was formerly a Miss Van Voorhis, daughter of the late Daniel Van Voorhis, of Washington county, and an accomplished and intelligent woman. Some three or four years ago she attracted a good deal of attention here, as well from her feats of equestrianism at the State Fair as from her brilliant yet judicious driving in the ring on the same occasion. She is, unfortunately, subject to fits of insanity, which recur every two years, and are very violent while they continue. On the last occasion she was thus attacked she was, we believe, sent to Harrisburg, where she soon became convalescent, and it was the intention, to-day, but for the unfortunate affair above narrated, to have placed her in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital. The occurrence was a most unfortunate one, and has filled the entire community where it transpired with unaffected sorrow.

Story of a Dog.—Mr. Tewen, who keeps a restaurant on William street, has a large Newfoundland dog. A gentleman entered the restaurant, holding by a cord a dog. The gentleman released his hold upon the string, and the dog made his escape. Tewen said to his Newfoundland, "Go, bring him back, sir!" The dog obeyed, and overtook the fugitive. He first proceeded to give the object of his charge a slight reprimand by a smart shake or two, and then took the rope in his mouth to lead the dog back. Some holding back was manifested, the string was dropped and another shaking administered. Finally, by alternate chastisements and pullings at the cord, the runaway dog was brought into the restaurant. The scene created no little excitement, and has the advantage of being true.

Two Deaths by Lightning and a Mystery.—We are informed

that a few nights ago a white man and a negro woman, strangers in the neighborhood, were struck by lightning and killed under a tree, on the Line Creek road, beyond Mt. Meigs, in this county, near Line Creek Bridge. Their bodies were found next morning in a sitting posture under the tree, where they had doubtless sought a partial protection from the rain. From some papers found upon the body of the white man, it is supposed his name was Moses Sanders, and that he had been recently in this city. Beyond this all is mystery as to who he was, or where he was going with the negro woman.

Loving not Wisely, but 7 times too Well.—Hilbert tailors have carried off the palm of gallantry, the criminal statistics showing a vast inclination in that class towards bigamy, trigamy, and other degrees of the polygamic art. Lately boot and shoemakers have gone into that line, with an occasional barber. The last instance of this amiable weakness was that of a young hero of the last called Moulton, whose achievements are thus summed up by the Albany Journal:

"He wears a black moustache and whiskers, and dresses genteelly. He is a 'Down Easter,' emigrating from Maine, where he left his first wife and two children at a place called Bethel. His next stopping place has been traced to Worcester, Massachusetts, where he won the affections of a handsome young lady, whom he married. With her he lived a few months, and suddenly left the place upon the eve of her confinement. His third victim was a young lady of eighteen summers, the daughter of Morgan Stiles, of North Adams, Mass. This was a clandestine marriage, against the express wishes of her parents. On Sunday, the 1st of March, while her parents were in church, she eloped with Moulton, reached the State of Vermont, and they were married. They returned home the same evening, and were received with open arms at her father's house. The next day he left, and nothing was heard of Moulton until nearly a fortnight after, when he was traced to Troy, where he had won the affections of another young lady, and was engaged to be married. The day previous to that fixed upon for the wedding he received information that a requisition had been obtained and that an officer was in search of him. The officer reached Troy on the morning of the day fixed upon for his marriage. The hour designated for the marriage arrived, but Moulton was not to be found. The would-be bride waited anxiously and patiently for three long hours for Moulton to come, and so did the officer; but both were disappointed, for he was too shrewd to be caught. He is next traced to a house in Lydius street in this city, from which he escaped while the officer was in it, by his comrade answering to his name and Sheriff Conkling mistaking his man."

His capture is thus graphically described: "At a late hour on Wednesday night a letter was received in this city from Mr. Stiles, stating where Moulton could be found and the name he had assumed. That night officer Maloy and Deputy Sheriff Conkling took the cars, and before three o'clock the next morning Maloy had the handcuffs upon him. Immediately upon their arrival they obtained the services of the porter of the Benton House, whom they directed to go to Mrs. Hatter's house, rap at Mrs. H.'s bedroom window, and tell her to call Warren Black, and she to tell him that his wife was come and was waiting for him at the hotel. In less than ten minutes after the porter had returned to the hotel, Moulton came along. The night was very dark, so that it was almost impossible to see an object three feet off. As he ascended to the stoop of the hotel the light from the house-shone upon his face, when officer Maloy sprang from his hiding place and grasped him, saying, 'Moulton, you are not too smart for me this time.' This sudden and unexpected check upon his wild career of crime and folly so completely unnerved him that he speedily became desponding, when he acknowledged his guilt and resolved to throw himself upon the mercy of the authorities. He was taken back to Massachusetts, where he will be called upon to answer to two charges—adultery and bigamy."

The Woman Under Sentence of Death.—Mrs. Hartung, whose murder of her husband at the instigation of her paramour has already been detailed in our columns, and who was sentenced to be hanged next month, has been suspended her sentence until her real condition can be ascertained, and has gone raving mad, and had to be chained, hands and feet, in order to prevent her from self-destruction. Gov. Morgan, in consequence of this sudden change ordered that she be taken to the Insane Prison at Auburn. It is said that she presents a truly frightful as well as pitiable appearance.

Carried Over a Dam.—Lately a man named Philip Dunnivan, was carried over the Sagerties dam, and instantly killed. He was in a small scow, a short distance above the falls, engaged in picking up wood that came floating down the current of the creek, but venturing too close to the falls after a large piece of timber, which he caught and fastened to the boat with a rope, he was unable to get back again. As soon as he became aware of his dangerous situation, he untied the rope which held the timber, and sat at work to row the boat up the stream, but the current was so strong that he was unable to make any headway, and his strength becoming exhausted, he was carried down the falls, a distance of forty feet. The boat was smashed to pieces, and the unfortunate man terribly mangled. He leaves a wife and family.

Terrible Affliction.—Mr. Elliot Barret, of Chester, who lives about a mile south-east of Chester village, has been afflicted for nearly a quarter of a century with a severe rheumatic complaint. For twenty years he has lain on his back, entirely helpless, and it is impossible for him to lie in any other position. The coldest day in winter, as well as the hottest day in summer, when the heat is enough to feel the parched flesh from his aching body, finds him in the same position, unable to move a particle even to rest for a moment. He has often said to us, "If I could only turn over for one hour in the course of a year, it would be a great relief." The only motion of which he is capable, besides the organ of speech, is the movement of one of his skeleton arms, the left, with which he feeds himself with a teaspoon, as he can move his jaw just enough to admit the point of the spoon. Yet amid his acute and terrible sufferings, never a murmur escapes his lips, but he is always resigned and cheerful; though his buoyancy does not arise from animal spirits, but a natural cheerfulness and constant hopefulness for religious faith sustains and gives warmth and steadiness to his spirits. This faith carries him through the heavy trials to which he is subject, and over the dark journey of his pilgrimage.

Laughable Mistake by Canada Officials.—Pike-Peakers taken for Counterfeiters.—A sensation was made in London, Canada West, a few days ago, by the announcement that fifteen notorious counterfeiters from the States, aimed to the teeth, had been taken from the cars by the high bailiff and two assistant officers. The London *Proctor* says:

"No such gallant exploit has been recorded since the famous feats of the two unarmed British soldiers, who, in Egypt, surprised and made prisoners a whole detachment of fully armed Egyptian troops, during the war between Ibrahim Pacha and the Grand Sultan. And the fifteen armed counterfeiters were arraigned at the bar of justice, yesterday, close prisoners in the hands of Mr. Brook Stevens, the bold chief—and the arms were all exhibited to the gaze of a wondering and admiring public, spread out in one of the rooms in the City Hall. There they lay—fifteen rifles, eleven dirks and thirteen revolvers—giving the room the appearance of a regular armory. Need it be wondered at, that some thousands of spectators rushed to the scene to witness this unusual exhibition?"

The party arrested turned out to be fifteen Pike Peakers, from Northern New York, en route by the Great Western Railway, for St. Joseph, for which they had through tickets. The blundering officials did not make this discovery until they had spent a night in the station-house, and were brought before the Mayor. Explanations and apologies followed, the arms and \$1,400 in gold taken from the party were restored, and a broad grin, at the expense of the chief bailiff, was on the faces of the crowd of outsiders.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Indian brings us news to the 23d ult. It is somewhat more pacific, although not definite. Austria, at the earnest request of England and Prussia, has agreed to refer the Italian question, or rather the dispute between herself and France, to a Congress to be held either at Berlin or London. This, however, by no means settles the question, since if Louis Napoleon means war he can be as unbending in the Congress as he pleases. It is therefore a mere concession to popular opinion, which demanded that nothing should be left undone before appealing to arms.

From India the news is satisfactory for the British. The Indian revolt may really be considered as ended. Let us hope that the English will amend their rule.

From France we learn that the warlike armaments continue with unabated vigor. The same activity is displayed in the English dockyards.

Austria is pouring her troops into Italy.

The abdication of the King of Prussia is again talked of.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

A Sad Story.—One of the queerest things we have met with lately, in the foreign journals, is the joint suicide of two old maids and a cat! The women were very decent, industrious creatures, and very fond of the cat, which was, it seems, their mutual property. Some relative died, and left them about five thousand dollars. This intoxicated them with visions of greatness. They dropped all toil, removed to London with their cat, and commenced a grand round of pleasure, amid which puss was always their companion. Balls, theatres, the opera, rides, drives, elegant dresses, expensive habits, &c., soon used up their legacy. This accomplished, they sought work; but it was not to be obtained. They had to pledge and to sell, *ad libitum*, their clothing and other effects for food. When all these resources were exhausted, they walked down to the Surrey Canal, put the cat in a basket, entwined each other around the waist, put the puss-basket on arm, leaped into the flowing water, and were drowned as they had lived, altogether! Thus ends the history of the old maids and their cat.

Fun with Barnum.—The Oxford "gowns" have had a joke with Barnum. The lecture was advertised for Monday, and the result was what he called a very full "house." But no sooner was the "house" tolerably well packed than it began to show unmistakable signs that it had come there for some fun. For notwithstanding the encouraging appeals to Barnum to come out, "not to be shy," and similar requests, and the alacrity with which the great showman responded to them, the storm raised by his appearance did not subside for nearly half an hour. Whenever the din of hisses, shouts, ironical cheers and chaff began to subside a little, the least attempt of the lecturer to get in a word instantly reproduced it in full vigor. The appearance of the proctors with their attendant sprites in the room at this juncture enabled Mr. Barnum to get in a few words of his own; but his triumph was of short duration, for in less than two minutes his persecutors were again in full swing, and

quite relieved Mr. Barnum from the necessity of answering them. The scene which continued for about two hours almost beggars description. A succession of athletic sports took place in the region of the back seats, of which part the undergraduates had taken complete possession, and occupied the attention of the audience at intervals throughout the evening. During these intervals the audience turned their backs on the lecturer, and each little episode of athletic sport was brought to a conclusion by three cheers for the proctors from all parties, and a resumption of badinage with Barnum followed. "Now, then, Barnum," was sharply ejaculated on all sides, "we're all waiting for you; where was it you left off?" and after a few words had reached their ears, "Oh! come now; that won't do!" and severe criticisms on the misplacement of the lecturer's aspirations, in the regulation of which he appears to have some difficulty. Cries of *encore* followed a piece of what was intended for fine language, and "let's have that again," while any allusion to his own exploits was followed by the most uncomplimentary remarks on himself. We must do Mr. Barnum justice to say that he kept temper exceedingly well, considering the ordeal to which he was subjected. At the end of the evening's entertainment the celebrated "Feejee Mermaid" was produced, but only on condition that it should not be smashed by the object of shaking hands with Barnum, but the proctors thought it advisable to put a stop to the movement, thinking probably that it might lead to some too energetic recognition of that gentleman's merits, or even to his making acquaintance with the pump in the yard below. The assembly soon after dispersed in the greatest disorder.

SCOTLAND.

Just like a Boy.—Great excitement took place in Ladywell street, Glasgow. A boy was observed suspending a baby out of the window by a cord round its neck. The people screamed out to the young monster to d-d-st, but without avail, and in their excitement they burst in the door to rescue the infant, but the boy now, from wantonness or fright, let the baby fall. It was from the third floor window, and there was little hope of saving its life, but one of the crowd rushed off wildly with it to the nearest surgeon. The baby was cautiously undressed, when, on examination, the massacred innocent turned out to be a pillow dressed like a baby, which was given to the child to play with while its mother was out working. The feelings of all may be more readily imagined than described. They did not wait to give their names for the coroner, if he were wanted to "sit on the baby."

FRANCE.

A Waltz on the Side of Peace.—Something which has recently created quite a diversion of public opinion in favor of peace, was the incident which occurred at the closing quadrille of the last imperial ball in Paris:

One of the figures is marked by the choice of the flags of various nations by the ladies, who are then entitled to choose a partner from amongst the gentlemen, with whom the waltz continues until one or both the dancers drop exhausted with fatigue upon the seats reserved for the "carcasses," as the dancers *à la du combat* are irreverently called. These little flags are handed round in a basket by the conductor of the cotillon, and each lady in turn chooses the one which suits her best. It was observed that every lady, from perplexity or the timidity natural to the present state of affairs, had rejected the Austrian banner, which consequently remained almost alone when the basket was handed to Madame Walewski. This lady, a clever and spirited all, always ready at conciliation and resource, took the little silken emblem without any evident consciousness of embarrassment, and sat twirling it in her fingers with the most charming indifference until her turn came to choose a partner for the waltz. What was the surprise and delight of the company on beholding the lady deliberately walk across the ball-room, and placing the flag in the hands of the Emperor himself, thus proclaim the choice she had made of majesty itself for a partner! The Emperor may have winced at the preference, perhaps he did, but whether from objection to bear the little silken emblem or from souvenir of his recent attack of gout no one can tell.

However, he bore the trial with right good humor and as becomes a man. The little flag was waved in triumph over the head of his fair partner, and only lowered when fatigue compelled the imperial waltzer to sue for mercy at her hands. The lady led him, laughing, to a seat amongst the "carcasses," and, as the pair were observed to talk in earnest whispers together during the rest of the dance, you may be sure that the opinion current in the ball room was that their conversation related entirely to Austria, Sardinia, Count Cavour, the Pope, and the Danubian Provinces. In general, the apropos and quickness displayed by the Countess Walewski has been the theme of the greatest admiration at Court, and has furnished forth matter of gossip and comment for every circle.

Something to Look Out for.—Apropos of the French war pamphlets, a wit has given a resume of one he proposes to publish: "Peace is not war! War is not peace! If we have war we shall not have peace! If we keep peace we shall not have war! War or peace! Peace or war! All in that! That is in all! Solution! Solution! *Alina! Alina! Alina!*" This is truly *à la Girardin*.

A New Era in Butcherdom.—Another Paris sensation is the setting up of a brilliant butcher shop. Its sign is immense. It is at the corner of the Rue Tronchet and the Rue Neuve des Mathurins. Its tables and counters are all white marble, on supports of porphyry, or white marble on silver caryatids. A fountain of water, six feet in diameter, plays in the centre of the shop, and vases of flowers and shrubs are disposed about with taste. Thirty-nine persons here offer each morning for sale twenty oxen, twenty calves and sixty sheep. The establishment, while professing to sell cheaper than any other, delivers with each parcel of meat a ticket which entitles the buyer to a share in the profits at the end of the month. Thrifty fathers of families are eating enormous quantities of meat that they may thereby lay up portions for their daughters.

Disgusting.—As the half-drowned folks from the recently wrecked steamer reached the shore at Calais, "Your passports!" was the question addressed to them before they were actually out of the water.

Funny Kinks of French Authors and Artists.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, gives the following bit of gossip about some of the Parisian literary and artistic notabilities:

"M. Alfred de Vigny has a trick of asking everybody he meets, 'Well, what is said about me?' An amusing story is told of this odd habit. He met a friend in the garden of the Tuilleries the morning after the Revolution of February, while the mob were in possession of the palace. He said to his friend, 'I have just reached Paris. What a disaster! What a catastrophe! Ah! what do people say about me?' Of course, Count Alfred de Vigny was the last person thought of at that terrible moment. M. Sainte Beuve just now goes nowhere, and receives no visitors. Some persons say he has fallen into a fit of misanthropy; but I suspect the true reason to be his hard labors. He has recently been appointed professor of French prose at the Normal School, which must occupy a good deal of his time; and he is very busily engaged in completing the history of the Port Royal, on which he has been working, more or less regularly, for a great many years. M. Victor Cousin has just gotten rid of a habit which he says it took him two years to break. It seems he fell into a trick of saying, whenever about to express an opinion, even on a trifling subject: 'All things being weighed and considered, I have come to the conclusion that,' &c. His friends, by their banter, brought his attention to it. He became ashamed of it, and resolutely set to work to rid himself of it. Old M. Ingres has got the kink in his head that everybody is trying to give him aims! He has always looked upon himself as a misused man, and now he says: 'If I had not made a fortune in my younger days I should starve now; nobody will buy anything by me now.' He made this remark to Baron de Rothschild recently, while the latter was looking at a drawing by M. Ingres. He said to the artist: 'Why, M. Ingres, I will give you fifteen thousand francs for this drawing.' The painter snatched the drawing out of the banker's hands, whining, 'Ah! M. de Rothschild; I see what you are after; you seek a pretext for giving me aims!' M. de Lamartine cannot be flattered by telling him he is a great poet, or a great orator; his weak point is to be considered a great manager; how weak the point is, his \$600,000 of debts show. M. Theophile Gautier is afraid to go to sleep unless he has somebody's hand in his; sleep is so much like death, he says. Young Alexandre Dumas has got the kink into his head that he is dying of consumption, although, as somebody says, 'he is in as good health as the Point Neuf, and has the constitution of Vendome Column'; his health is the only thing he thinks about; he gets up at seven, breakfasts at ten, rides from twelve to three, sleeps from three to five, dines at six, goes to bed at nine, and reads himself to sleep."

SPAIN.

Lady Duelists in Spain.—A lady of Madrid, a short time ago, sent a challenge to a fair rival, who had supplanted her in the favor of a wealthy admirer. The successful dame unhesitatingly agreed to fight, and both parties chose seconds of their own sex. Fearing that the smell of gunpowder might prove disagreeable to them, the combatants agreed to use fencing swords; they also determined to fight until one or the other should be killed. They went to the ground each with a pair of fencing swords, and, in case they should fall, a pair of poignards. They were just ready for action when a pair of officers came up and took them and their seconds into custody; but one of the men, having called to mind that the law, though forbidding duels between men, said nothing of duels between women, expressed a doubt whether they were warranted in making the arrest. It was accordingly determined to release the women, but a pledge was exacted from them, on their word of honor, that they would not renew the combat.

Voltaire says there are but two happy classes in the world—those who believe everything, and those who believe nothing. We hardly know in which class to place a child who does not believe a fairy tale. A well known author assured us that when he was painfully convinced that "Jack the Giant Killer" was a fiction, he cried more than he had since his weaning; he, however, consoled himself somewhat by assuring his grandmother that nothing should ever induce him to give up "Robinson Crusoe."

Not long ago, a little girl of about eight years of age, apparently belonging to a good family, called upon Professor Grimm, and, after a moment's baneful hesitation, said, "Is it then you that have written fairy tales?" "Yes, my dear," answered Dr. Grimm, "my brother and I." "Then thou hast written the tale of the clever little tailor, where it is said at the end who will not believe it must pay a thaler?" "Yes, I have written that too." "Well, then, I do not believe it, and so I suppose I have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a groschen on account, and pay the rest by-and-by." The remark, as may be imagined, was not a little surprised and amused. He inquired after the name of his conscientious little reader, and took care that she reached her home safely.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PIANOFORTES.

Chickering & Co.

(Continued from page 308.)

of America, and with but few equals in any part of the world. The Chickering factory has always been a model of order, regularity and harmony, but vast as was the establishment up to the few last years, the new building which we illustrate this day throws it, as it does all manufactories of a similar nature on this continent, into the shade. It eclipses in vastness and perfection of detail anything of the kind yet attempted in America.

This gigantic structure was put under contract May 16, 1853; the land upon which it stands, and necessary grounds contiguous, having been purchased of the city of Boston the month previous.

The premises comprise an entire square of two hundred and six thousand feet, or about five acres, situated on the westerly side of Tremont, between Camden and Northampton streets.

Its novelty induces us to give a somewhat extended sketch of its details. Its foundation is a grade of solid clay, into which all the bottom stone (three feet broad) for the walls are imbedded in trenches. The cellars and area are graded to the depth of three and a half feet with good grading gravel. The plan of the building forms a hollow square. The principal front is on Tremont street, and sets back eighteen feet from the line of the street. This front measures two hundred and forty-five feet on the street, by fifty-two feet deep, exclusive of a projection in the centre for the tower, which is of octagon form, twenty-one feet at the base, and rising to the height of one hundred and ten feet. The north wing, fronting on Northampton street, is two hundred and sixty-two feet long, by fifty wide. The south wing, fronting on Camden street, is two hundred and fifty feet long by fifty wide. The open area between the buildings measures nearly an acre, but only equals the surface of one of the floors in its full extent.

The whole edifice stands five stories high on the three streets, and six from the hollow square. All the stories are eleven feet in the clear between floor and ceiling, except the front and centre on the second floor, designed for the grand staircase, entrance hall and warerooms, which is twenty-two feet high, and the staircase eight feet wide. The floors above these are suspended by one and three-quarter inch iron rods from strong trusses, upon which the roof rests. A building for steam engine, saw mills, &c., sixty feet by seventy, with wings thirty-two feet wide and two stories high, connecting the two wings of the main building on the westerly end, closes the square, and makes the fourth front.

The foundation walls of the entire buildings, which are three feet thick at the bottom and two feet at the top, are built of granite blocks from the Rockport quarries, and contain about two thousand perch, laid in cement.

The first stone was laid June 16, 1853. The walls of the building, which are sixteen inches thick, are built of Hubbel's Charlestown brick, and contain three millions in number, laid in cement and lime mortar. The first brick was laid July 21, 1853. About two thousand five hundred casks of lime and cement were used in laying the stone and brick. The timber and lumber throughout the building are Southern and Eastern pine and spruce, of which about one million six hundred and fifty thousand feet were used, requiring over three hundred casks of nails. There are one hundred and ninety-six thousand feet of planed boards in the floors, which are all double, and would, if spread out, cover the space of nine acres. The buildings have twenty-two outside doors, and nine hundred windows, containing eleven thousand lights of glass. The roof, measuring forty-three thousand five hundred feet, is covered with tin, painted both on the upper and under sides, and inclines one inch per foot towards the square, giving the appearance from abroad of one entire flat roof, and thus adding to the massive effect of the building. The roof water is taken in copper gutters through copper conductors into ample drains in the area, and from thence into the large sewer in Tremont street. A heavy iron fence will enclose the eighteen feet which the building is set back from the street, with grass inside, and a sidewalk sixteen feet wide on the outside.

The main building and wings are separated by fire-proof vaulted brick walls, two feet thick, with double sets of iron doors, doubly bolted and barred—which, with the facilities at hand for water, render the destruction of more than one building or wing at a time by fire next to an impossibility. As a further safeguard against any conflagration, the city has four hydrants, one at each corner of the building, to which hose are constantly attached, and enter the area of the building under the sidewalks. The whole establishment is also constantly and amply supplied with Cochituate water through three-inch iron pipes, with a wash room and hose in every department. Water buckets, always filled and ready for use, are distributed around the different rooms and entries, and with these various and efficient protections it would seem that the premises are even more secure from damage by fire than is ordinarily the case elsewhere.

The whole of this grand building is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of pianofortes, and all interior arrangements for the business are on a scale to correspond with what has already been described. The rough stock is taken in at a lower door in one wing, and passing up this wing, through the main building, and down the other wing, will be delivered in the warerooms finished; so that, almost literally, "forests enter at one end of the building, and come out perfect pianofortes at the other." The entire first floor is filled with the requisite machinery, such as saws of all kinds, planes, lathes, &c., &c., which, together with the machine shop, on the same floor (where are made all the various kinds of hardware used in the construction of a pianoforte), exhibits a large and splendid display of machinery, which was all made at Lowell, under the superintendence of Mr. L. A. Cutler, the experienced engineer and machinist of the establishment. In the evening the whole building is lighted with gas from about six hundred burners. Every known improvement is introduced into the various departments of the manufactory, in order to make it and its work as near perfection as human skill, employed with the most ample means, can accomplish.

A first-class upright beam engine of one hundred and twenty horse power, capable of raising one thousand nine hundred and eighty tons to the height of one foot in a minute, built by Mr. Otis Tufts, of East Boston, furnishes the power; and the exhaust steam, conveyed through iron pipes, the heat for the entire building. There are two sets of boilers, which are placed in a building in the rear of, and not connected with, the main buildings, to avoid danger from accidents. The iron pipes used for heating and gas, if laid out in a single line, would extend more than eleven miles.

The Interior of the Chickering Pianoforte Manufactory.

A stroll through the interior of this vast building, as recounted by a writer in the Boston Evening Gazette, will amuse and instruct our readers, while it fully develops the whole subject:

"This way, sir. This leads us to the engine room; and descending a flight of steps in the rear building we stand in the presence of that wonder to look upon and to study, a steam engine—always beautiful and interesting in its humblest estate, but this, combining in its iron sinews the strength of one hundred and twenty horses, is a marvel of graceful motion. Scarcely more sound is heard from it than if it were still, and yet there whirls the immense wheel of eight tons with its sixteen feet diameter, setting miles of shafting in motion, and giving power to all varieties of machinery in the rooms above, and keeping three hundred men employed. The steam, after traversing the building through twelve miles of pipe, returns to the boiler at one hundred and ninety degrees, and does its part in heating the rest. Twelve thousand gallons of water are used in a day by the engine, of which but three hundred gallons are lost. The boilers, of which there are four, are fed by the waste matter of the rooms, and all the sawdust and shavings are thus kept constantly from the floors.

"We pass from the engine room to the room above, between the two wings, into which the lumber is drawn from the yard to be sawn

—the beautiful rosewood, mahogany and walnuts for veneers—but not for immediate use. In the upper portion of the same building is a loft for seasoning the lumber, and here it lies for a sufficient period to warrant the assurance that every suspicion of moisture is removed from it. Then it is conveyed into the dimension room, which we reach after passing through the machine shop, that connects with the engine room. In this shop all the brass and iron work of the piano is made—from the heavy frames to the mysterious pins and screws and wires that go to take their place in the "harmonious whole." Here the patterns and strings are also made. Every machine that ingenuity can make available is here applied, and a busy scene presents itself to the curious visitor. The dimension room is where the stock is all sawed to its proper length, and next, the skeleton room, where the rough cases are put together, and herein one may see a great secret of the durability of the Chickering pianos. These cases are braced by cross cleats outside and in, so as to render it impossible that they can warp or yield in the least. This is a feature that always characterizes these pianos. Then follows the case room, where the delicate veneers are applied, the sounding board room and plate room, and ending, in the fifth story of the north wing, with the preparatory varnish room.

We return to the front building, and are introduced to the action room, where all the hammers and the little intricacies of the interior are prepared and put together, involving great patience and nicety of touch. To give an idea of the labor required upon the action works of a grand piano, it is only necessary to say that three thousand two hundred and fifty-four holes are required to be bored, and of these six hundred and eighty are bushed with a firm and costly white kerseymer. Fancy a man devoting a whole lifetime to boring and bushing holes! The pendulum that was discontented had not so much to think of, and yet this work has been done in some instances by the same patient and careful hands since the commencement of the firm. Next to this is the carving room, where the ornamental legs are carved. Everybody is busy. A stranger's appearance is scarcely noticed, and yet it is not a surly indifference, as you feel, but a simple attention to business that admits of no time for idle curiosity. Above this is the drying room, that extends the whole length of the front, which is kept at a temperature of ninety degrees. Here all the nicer lumber, for sounding boards, &c., has to pass a probationary term in order to warrant its acceptance. Above this, in the fifth story, front, is the varnish room, likewise the whole length of the building. Here about seven hundred cases are in treatment all the time. In this room are two tanks, holding one thousand two hundred gallons of water, as a reserve supply in case of the water being temporarily cut off in the street.

"We next find our way to the fifth story of the south wing, with a vague idea that we have flown somewhere—a sort of lost sensation amid such vastness, as one might feel on a prairie. Here we are introduced to the rubbing room, where the cases are rubbed with pumice stone and water preparatory to receiving their final polish, then to the room for veneering tops, desks, legs, &c., then to the finishing room, where the stringing is performed, then to the key making room, which has just been added, and then to the jig sawing room, where the beautiful open work desks are sawed out to any required pattern, and the pedals prepared.

"The mode of conveying the heavy instruments from story to story is by an elevator, that is operated by the engine. Tons may be lifted in this way with the greatest ease.

"We have noticed in our progress the precautionary hose at the head of every stairway, provided against fire, and the six hundred buckets filled with water for the same object. But there is no fire used in the building. Even the glue that is used is prepared by steam. Hence the danger from fire is very small. When night work is required, however, six hundred gas burners give their light. To avoid all chance of accident from any source, two watchmen are employed, night and day, in traversing the building in opposite directions, and they are required to pull a string precisely every fifteen minutes, wherever they may be, which string, communicating with a clock, causes the hammer in the clock to strike a pin, which drives it one quarter part. Failing to do this they are literally 'pinned,' for the tell-tale reveals their delinquency the next morning. One matter of economy observable in the building is the saving of water, of which not a gallon per day is wasted. Colonel Chickering in his habits very strongly resembles his father, and providence and order were two of his most distinguishing traits. His eye is over every department, and nothing escapes his vigilance.

"Returning to the front building, we visit the trimming room, where the action is put into the instrument, and the regulating room, where the action is adjusted, and end with the ware rooms, where a superb stock of grand, parlor grand and square instruments awaits shipment to all parts of the world."

The whole number of pianos turned out of the Chickering Factory during the term of its long and successful existence, is something over twenty-one thousand. And for the superiority of their manufacture over all with whom they have competed, the Messrs. Chickering have been awarded thirty-eight prize medals from the different fairs in this country and in Europe. They also have in their possession many hundreds of the most flattering testimonials from the leading professors, both European and American.

Mr. Jonas Chickering was the first to introduce the circular scale for the square piano now so generally used by all makers, also the entire iron frame as now used.

The number of men employed in the various departments is between three and four hundred, and with this force from forty to fifty pianos are made ready for the sale room per week. The following curious statistics show the relative proportion of the material which enters into the composition of every pianoforte, and also indicate the amount of each used yearly in this vast establishment:

600,000 feet of pine, maple and oak; 85,000 feet of black walnut; 200,000 feet of pine for packing-boxes; 20,000 feet of spruce for sounding boards; 300,000 feet of rosewood veneers; 30,000 feet of chestnut ditto; 30,000 feet of walnut ditto; 12,000 feet of oak ditto; making a total of 1,277,000 feet of stock cut annually. 15,000 lbs. frozen glue; 2,000 lbs. best fine ditto; 60 reams sand-paper; 1,750 gallons varnish; 1,200 lbs. white lead; 31 lbs. pumice and rotten stone; 3 barrels linseed oil; 12 barrels spirits of turpentine; 15 barrels alcohol; \$300 worth of gold bronze for plates; \$600 ditto paints; 300,000 lbs. iron castings; 3,300 lbs. brass ditto; 20,600 lbs. iron wire; 5,000 lbs. steel wire; 3,600 lbs. brass wire; 500 lbs. bar steel; 3,000 lbs. wrought bar iron; 14,000 pairs hinges; 3,150 gross screws; 2,000 locks; 8,000 castors; 2,000 sets ivory.

The late Mr. Jonas Chickering enjoyed an enviable reputation not only for business talent, energy and rigid probity, but for generous and active sympathy with his fellow-men. To the musical profession he was princely in his munificence, and though many may have forgotten the hand whose uninquiring liberality smoothed many an early difficulty in their way, there are hundreds who now gladly testify to the noble qualities and disinterested kindness of the thoughtful friend who, after a useful and well-spent life, now sleeps in his honored grave.

The firm of Chickering & Sons is now represented by the sons of the elder Chickering—Colonel Thomas Chickering, who watches over the interest of the vast establishment in Boston, and Frank Chickering, who fosters the widely spread influence and the still increasing business of the firm in New York. Though we may with propriety speak well of the dead, it might be deemed in questionable taste if we spoke all we thought of the living. To say that the Messrs. Chickering are thorough business men is no compliment, for the enormous business which they control and which we illustrate this day speaks louder in their favor in that respect than anything we could utter. In their hands the character and popularity of the house has lost none of its prestige, but with the tongue of good report in their favor, and with hosts of friends inherited from their father, and held fast by their own social and moral worth, they may view with pardonable pride the enormous property entrusted to their care, increasing in value and growing in prosperity.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

THE MORPHY TESTIMONIAL.—Subscriptions to the grand testimonial fund are being taken to a satisfactory extent, both in New York and Brooklyn. The prospect is that it will be not only successful, but a grand affair. Morphy is expected home soon. Those members of the Brooklyn Club who have not yet subscribed will please do so at their earliest convenience.

CHESS IN RICHMOND, VA.—

Richmond, April 4, 1859.

DEAR FRERE.—According to promise, I now sit down to write you word about Chess matters in this city of hills and churches, where I have been a gratified sojourner for the last two months. The Chess Club here is in a flourishing condition, numbers over forty members, and is daily visited by the most influential class of the citizens of Richmond. Its list of members includes many who rank high in the legal and medical professions here, and I can assure you, from practical experience, that few Clubs can present so many strong players; prominent among whom are Messrs. Barras, Morris, Shaekeford, Whitfield, Maury, Johnson, &c., and Drs. Gibson, Merriweather, Graham, Jones and others. As a member of the Brooklyn Club, I have been received by all in the Club with the utmost courtesy, and I trust to have an opportunity at some future day of returning it at our rooms in Brooklyn, where I feel assured none would be more welcome than a Chess player from Virginia. Our friend Thompson, of Clinton street, is on a visit here, and has already experienced the effects of some skillful play at the Club. I had hoped to have played a regular match with the conqueror in the tournament, recently played between the leading players of the Club, but I fear that the period of my visit will elapse ere I can get the opportunity. Should I do so, however, I will record the games and send them to you. There are many excellent players throughout the State, and nearly every town of any note now has its Chess Club. The colleges all have their Chess coteries, among whom may be found many able masters of the royal game. They do not record any games at the Club here, and thereby lose many an intricate and beautiful position; and they have no Chess literature at the Club rooms except the Chess Magazine, of New York, an excellent publication by the by. Files of the prominent Chess Journals of the day should always be kept in the rooms of a Chess Club, and a book or books of the game itself for reference on disputed points. I noticed in your last issue a very pretty problem by our friend Knott—has he returned yet?—the key move to which is, the Castle to the eighth square, followed by the sacrifice of the Bishop; quite a Morphy-like conception. But I must close, or I shall trespass on your valuable space. I hope, on my return, to test my improvement from my practice here by a contest with some of the first-class players of our Club.

Yours truly,

H. G.

SHAKTON'S HAND-BOOK.—A supply of this work, we believe, is now in the city, and almost ready for delivery. There have been none on sale here for several months past.

SCIENCE AND ART OF CHESS.—This is a new work on the game, by J. Monro. Published by Charles Scribner. It may be had through us (\$1.50), or of the publisher. The price covers return postage. This book is 12mo pp. 276, well bound in cloth. It is a useful and entertaining book.

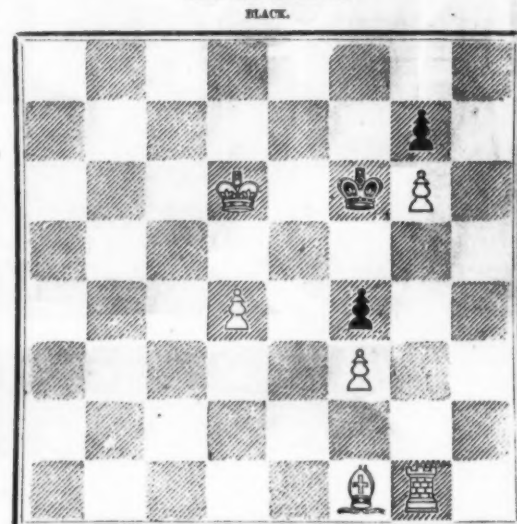
TOURNAMENT AT THE BROOKLYN CLUB.—Our statement that Lieutenant Seebach had won from Mr. Rice was an error. The contrary is the case. The score now stands, Perrin, 1; Horner, 0; drawn, 1. Marache and Rice have not yet played.

MATCH BETWEEN MARACHE AND PERRIN.—The present score is, Perrin, 4; Marache, 2; drawn, 1. The play in the tournament and this match is continued at the Brooklyn Club every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Strangers are invited to witness the play.

THE MORPHY CHESS ROOMS.—New rooms have been opened corner of Fourth street and Broadway. They are finely fitted up, and will undoubtedly be the general resort of the up-town players.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—AMATEUR, Brooklyn. We cannot name the best player in the Brooklyn Club, as there are several first-class of about the same strength. Your question as to the best at billiards should have been addressed to Mr. Phelan, the editor of the billiard column. However, we will say here for your information that Mr. Benjamin Thompson is the best professional player, though it is thought by some that Messrs. Weekes and Control, amateurs, are his superiors. Mr. Thompson has played but five games with Mr. Weekes, three of which were won by Thompson. He has, we believe, played but two with Mr. Control, both being scored by the latter gentleman. Mr. Phelan's book is decidedly the best you can procure on the game. Mr. Thompson is always in attendance at the billiard-room attached to the Brooklyn Chess Club, corner of Court and Remsen streets.—C. A. M., New Orleans. Have written by mail.—H. C. Glad to hear from you. Mr. Knott has returned. The paper shall be sent as requested.—H. A. S., West-something, N. H. Send fifty cents for a Chess Hand-Book. A good board and set of men will cost you seven dollars.

PROBLEM No. 191.—By "Cygnet." White to play and checkmate in four moves.



WHITES.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. S.	Mr. C.	Mr. S.	Mr. C.
1 P to K4	P to K4	23 R to R	R to R
2 K B to Q B4	Kt to K B3	24 B to R	K B to Q B2
3 Kt to Q B3	K B to Q B4	25 K B to Kt (a)	K to R
4 Kt to K B2	Kt to Q B3	26 B to Q R5	P to Q Kt3
5 P to Q3	P to K R3	27 B to K3	P to K5 (dis ch)
6 Castles	Castles	28 K to Kt sq	P to P
7 Q Kt to K2	P to Q3	29 K to B2	P to Q4
8 P to K R3	Q Kt to K2	30 P to Q B4	B to K4
9 Q Kt to K Rt3	P to Q B3	31 P to Q Kt3	K to R2
10 K B to Q Kt3	K to K R sq	32 B to Q2	B to Q5 (ch)
11 P to Q B3	K B to Q Kt3	33 K to B2	K to Kt3
12 K Kt to K R4	Q Kt to K Kt3	34 K to K4	K to B3
13 K Kt to K B5	K Kt to K Kt sq	35 K to P	K to B4
14 K to K R2	Q Kt to K R5	36 P to Q R4	P to Q R4
15 P to K B4	Kt to Kt	37 B to K R6	B to K B5
16 Kt to Kt	Q B to Kt	38 B to K B5	B to Q sq
17 K P to B3	Q to K B5	39 B to K R6	B to Q B2
18 K P to P	P to Kt3	40 K to K3	B to K Kt6
19 Q to K R5	P to K Kt3	41 K to B3	B to Q B2
20 K B P to Kt P	Q to R	42 P to K Kt4 (ch)	P to P (c)
21 Q B to K R P	K B P to P	43 P to K P (ch)	K to K5
22 R to Q	P to Q	44 K to K4	And Black surrendered.

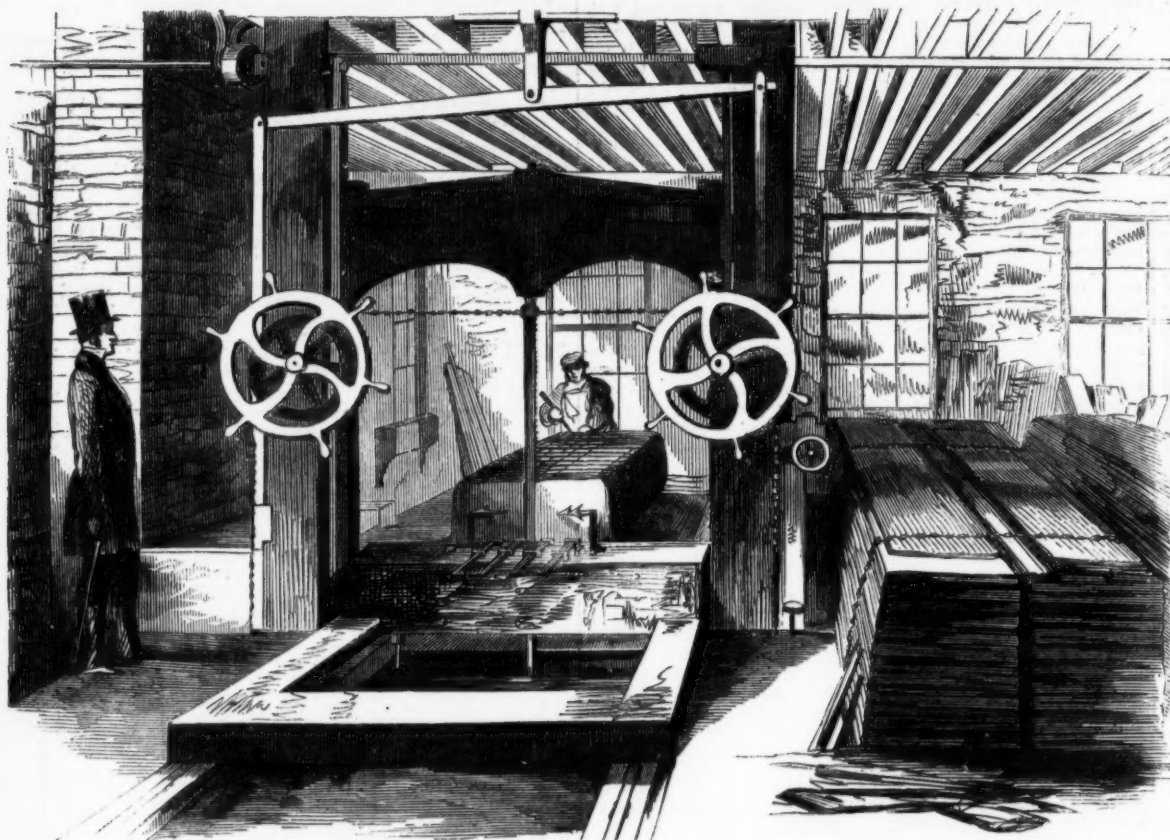
(a) White saw that this move would lose a Pawn. But thought that his position would be much improved by taking off the Kt; besides, he was sure of regaining the Pawn in a few moves.

A New Game.—This singular game, which we understand was invented by the Empress Eugenie during the rainy days of her sojourn at Compiegne, is an especial favorite with her; it is called *les petits papiers*. It is ingenious, and not more of a romping nature than is consistent with the activity and high spirits of her Majesty; is played by a gentleman to whom the party falls by lot, and who is at liberty to place the furniture in any difficult and intricate fashion he may choose. He is then furnished with a handful of paper cuttings, and calling in a loud voice upon any one of the ladies present, "*Amusez-moi les petits papiers*," he starts forward, in and through, and round about, over, between, and under the furniture; the lady thus challenged is compelled to follow him in every turn and extreme expedient he may think proper to resort to, in order to pick up *les petits papiers*, which he of course takes care to drop at the most difficult juncture. This game is always a welcome one, and has been found of the greatest resource in wiling away the hours unoccupied by ceremony. In spite of all the gay cavaliers and diplomatic dandies assembled at Compiegne, it was the grave and learned pundit, Prosper Merimee, who was considered the best *leur de petits papiers*, and numerous and *apocryphal* enough were the puns to which his professional science at the game gave rise.

A Visit to Chickering's Pianoforte Manufactory, Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



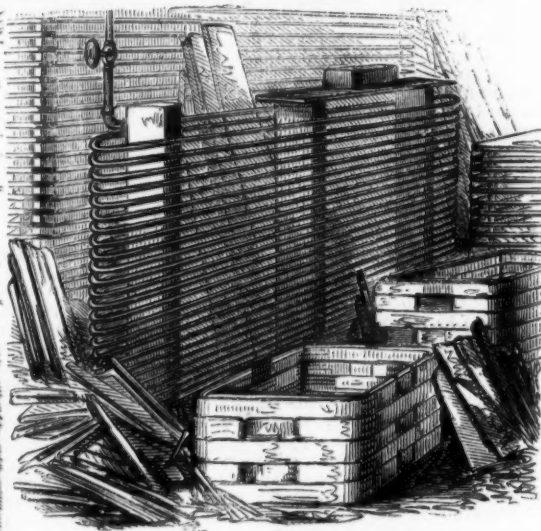
EXT. VIEW OF MESSRS. CHICKERING'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY. TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



SAWING THE ROUGH BLOCKS.

wages, and are among the most respectable of our mechanics.

The progress of the pianoforte to perfection has been very slow, but its family tree is well defined, and its genealogy is traceable far into remote antiquity. Small in its beginnings, centuries before the Christian Era, for thousands of years it



DRYING THE WOOD BY MEANS OF STEAM PIPES.

changed but little in its form and gained scarcely anything in power. It is only within the last hundred years that the instrument we now call the pianoforte has been developed to its present point of power and utility.

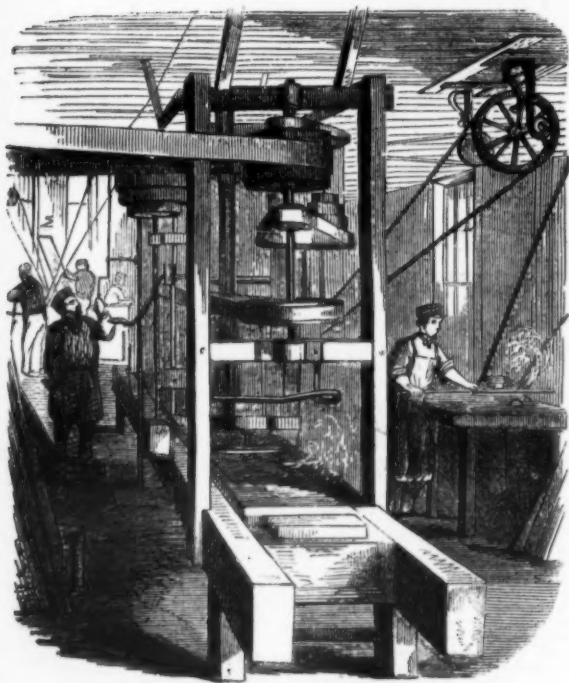
No exact type in form of the modern piano has ever been discovered, the only traceable resemblance is in its fundamental principle, the production of musical tone by striking with some

(Continued on page 308.)

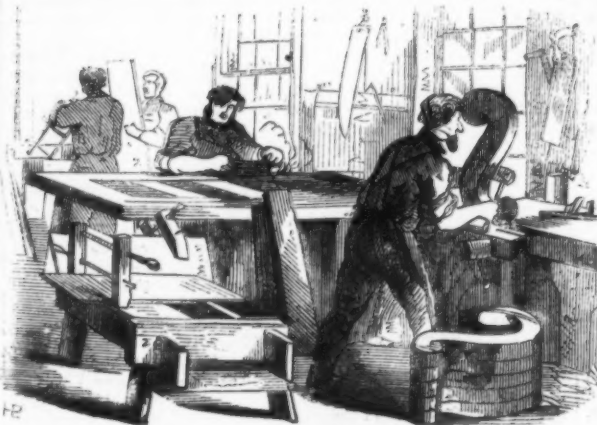
THE MANUFACTURE OF PIANOFORTES.

Chickering & Co.

The importance of this branch of manufacture in the United States can hardly be estimated. Those who live in our large cities can arrive at some approximate estimate, for he sees in every house he visits a pianoforte. But if he travels from State to State he becomes thoroughly impressed with the magnitude of the traffic in this branch of industry, for in the citizen's brick house, in the squatter's log-cabin, in the newly-settled village, and in the heart of the wildest districts, the pleasant tone and the consolation of the piano will alike be found. In their manufacture millions of dollars are invested, and tens of thousands of hands employed; these receive good living



SAWING AND PLANING THE BOARDS.

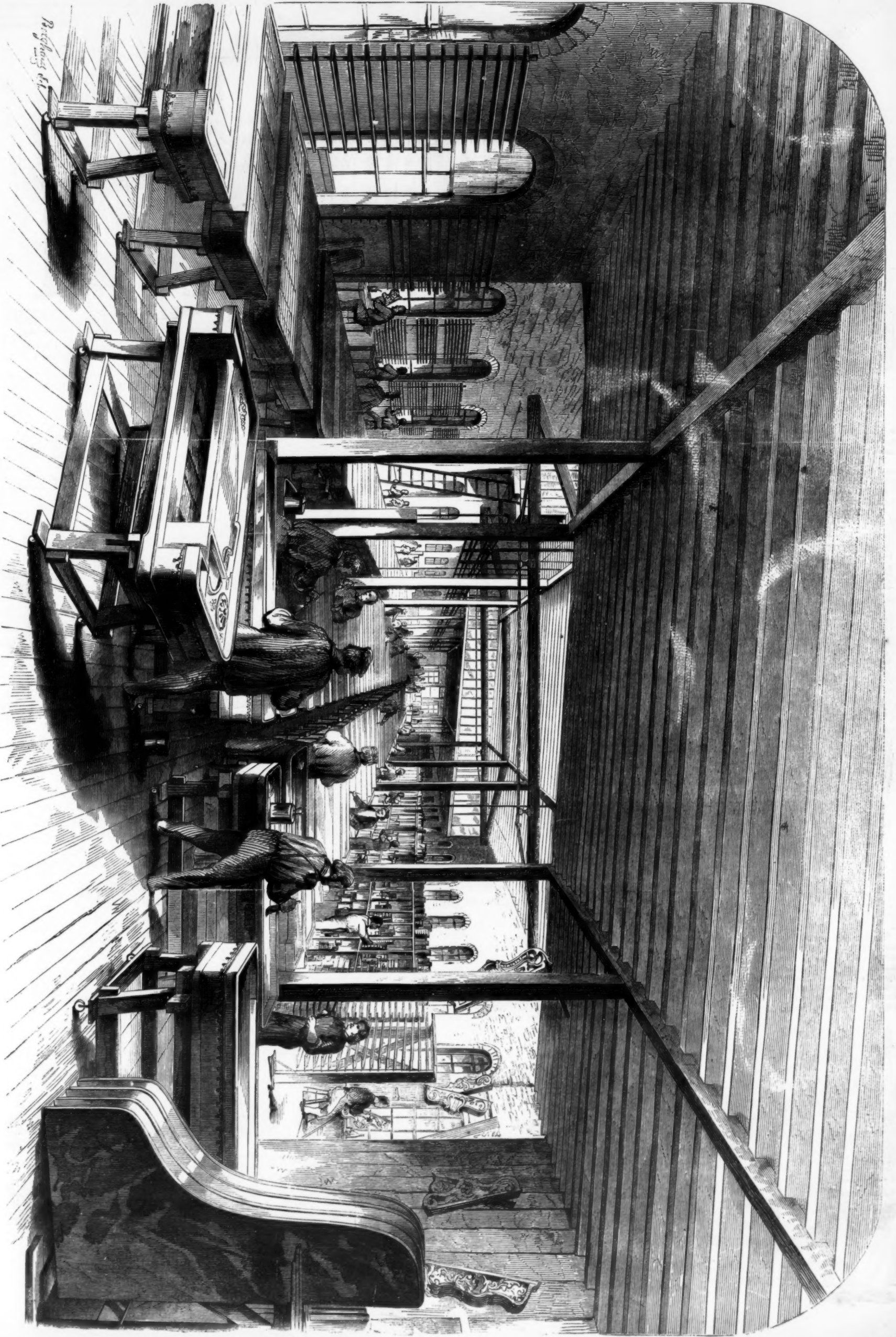


SKELETON MAKING.



BRONZING AND PREPARING THE PLATES.

CHICKERING'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY-VARNISHING ROOM.



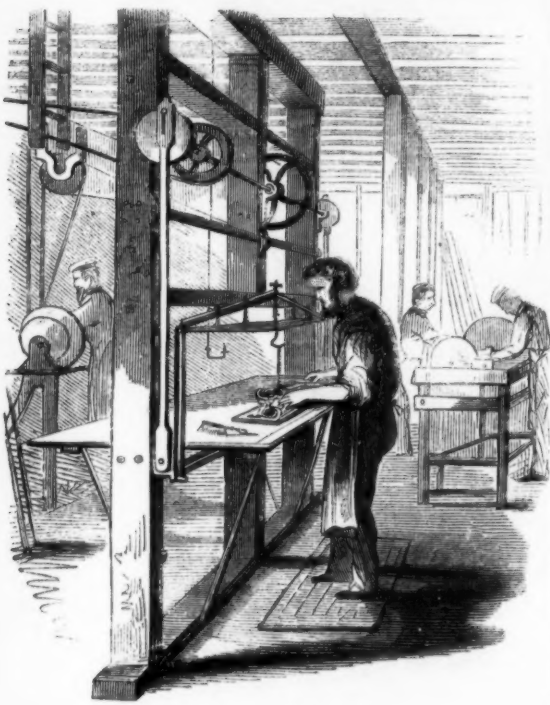


WARE ROOM.

(Continued from page 306.)

substance upon wires or strings fastened at each end. For centuries the principal change will be found to consist merely in the substitution of one striking substance for another.

The initial idea of the pianoforte was undoubtedly the Greek *psalterion* or *tympanum*. This instrument was merely a box, across which strings or wires were stretched, and tuned according to the imperfect scales then in use by that people. Tone was produced by striking the string with two small hammers. This instrument was very generally used by the Hebrews, and constant mention is made of it in contemporary writers and in the sacred Book.



FRET AND JIG SAWING.

The dulcimer was of the same family, but the earliest approach to the positive idea of the pianoforte was the old *clavichord*, for in that instrument a keyboard was applied for the first time. By means of this keyboard small plates of copper were set in motion and acted upon the strings. Then came the *clavichordian*, with catgut strings, acted upon by soft leather hammers. This, as may be imagined, was a terrible instrument, and its tone could not have borne resemblance to any known sound.



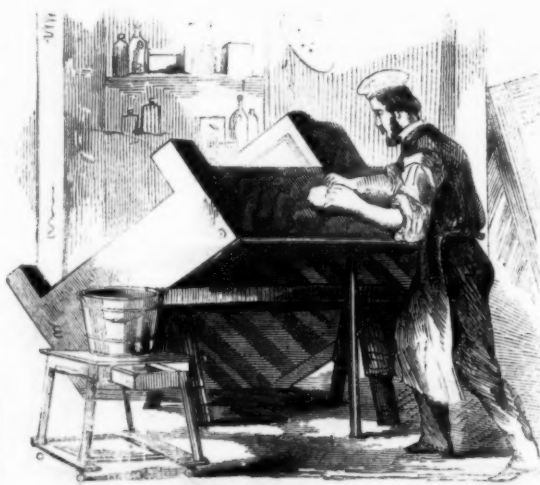
ACTION ROOM.

The *virginal*, so celebrated as being the special favorite of Queen Elizabeth, was another feeble attempt to make something out of a good idea; but what could be got in the way of music from metallic strings set in motion by the points of quills fixed to the ends of levers? The same poverty in the mechanical construction was observable in the *spinnet*; it was just as imperfect an instrument as the *virginal*, but in form the case bore close resemblance to that of our early square pianos.

The father of the *grand piano* was the *harp-sichord*, but although the mechanism of the action was many steps in advance of its predecessors, the *virginal* and the *spinnet*, still, like them, the strings were acted upon by quills. This instrument was first known early in the sixteenth century, and upon that miserable and inefficient instrument Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Clementi, Mozart and others, whose names add dignity to the history of music, poured forth their divine inspirations.

The eighteenth century is memorable among other things for the wonderful strides made in the manufacture of pianofortes. The principles were then evolved upon which our makers of the nineteenth century have built up their present almost perfect system.

A Frenchman named Marius first substituted hammers for quills, then a Florentine named



POLISHING CASES, ETC.

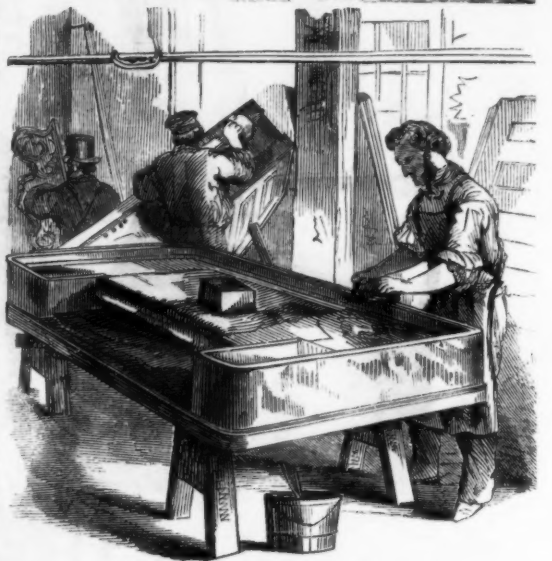
Christophoro greatly improved upon the innovations of Marius, and added to the capacity of the instrument the power of playing soft as well as loud, and on this fact the instrument was called *piano* (soft) *forte* (loud).

In 1760 the most successful pianoforte manufacturer in the world was Zumppe, of London. His instruments had a vast reputation, and were in demand all over the continent; but he soon found rivals in Germany and Paris. In the well-known Silbermanns and the still more famous Erards. These, with Clementi and Kirkman, and the Broadwoods of London, with a few lesser stars, were the piano makers of the world.

It is only within the last quarter of a century that America has taken any rank among the nations in the manufacturing of pianofortes.

The movement in this direction certainly received its most direct and powerful impulse from the perseverance, energy and skill of the late, widely esteemed Jonas Chickering, of Boston.

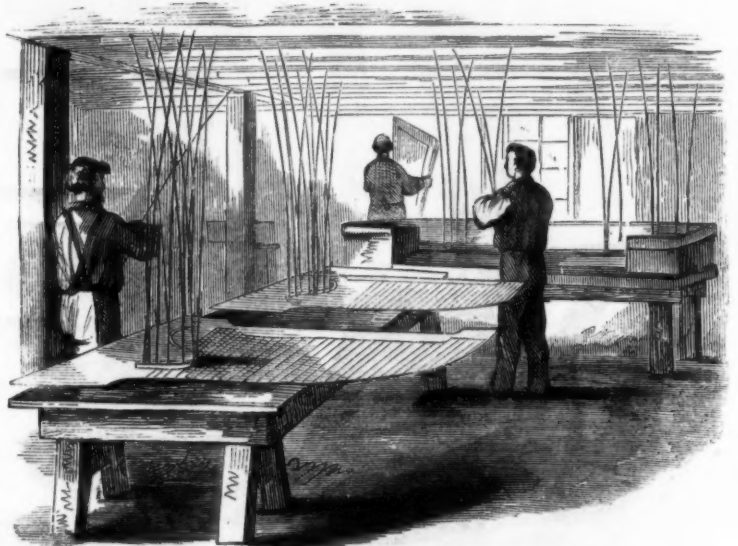
Jonas Chickering commenced business somewhere about the year 1820, and so successful was he in producing the sweetest



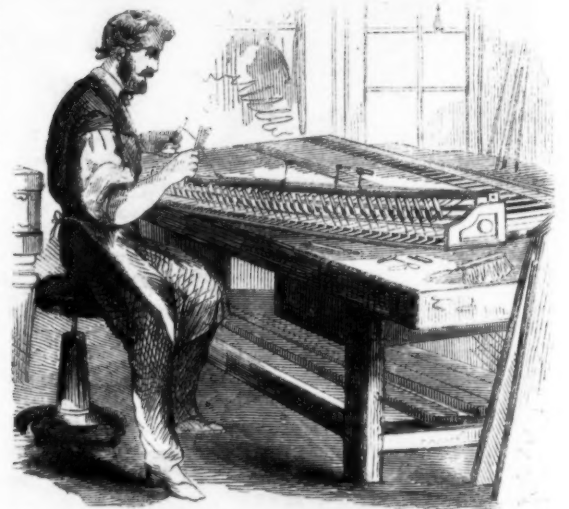
RUBBING THE CASES WITH PUMICE STONE.

toned and pleasantest actioned piano, that in a few years his name became a sort of household word throughout the United States.

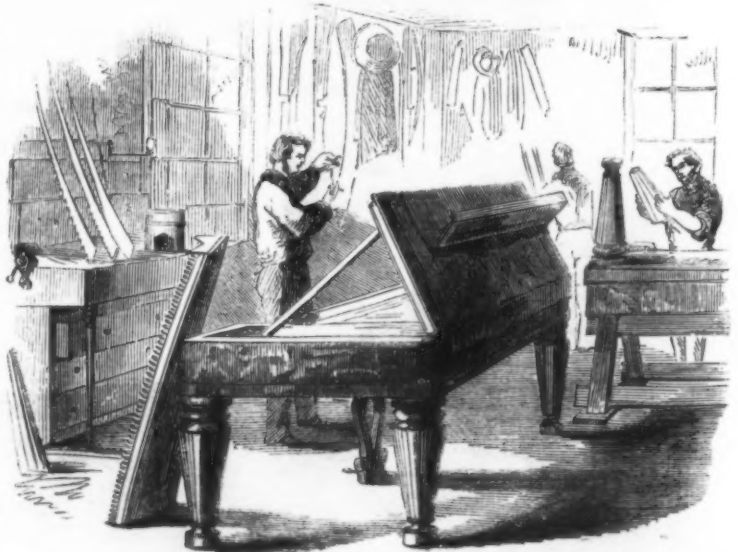
For thirty-seven years the vast business built up and sustained by the energy and integrity of Jonas Chickering has gone on increasing, until now it is literally the mammoth establishment (Continued on page 305.)



GLUING BRIDGES AND PLACING SOUNDING BOARDS.

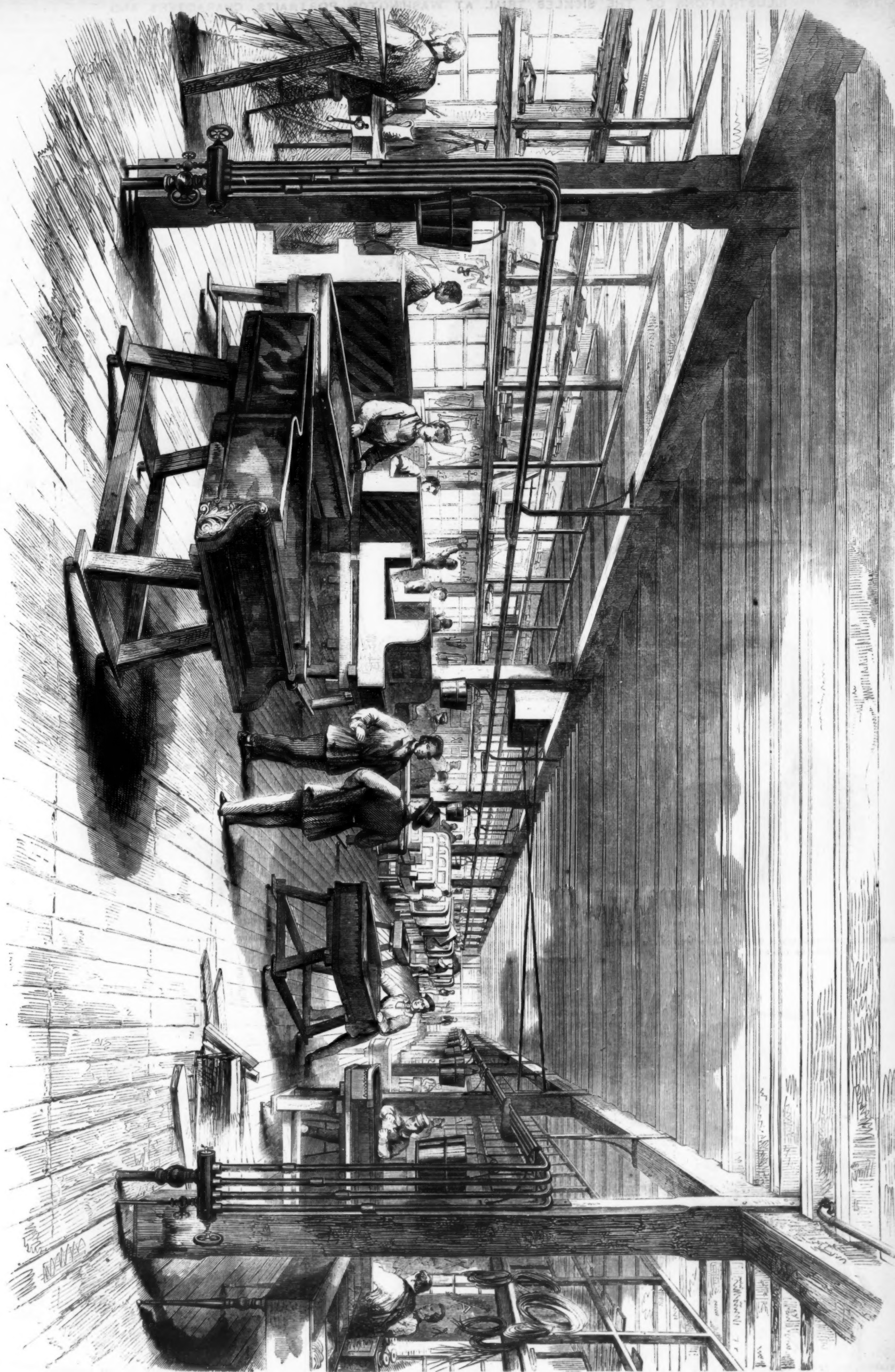


REGULATING THE HAMMERS.

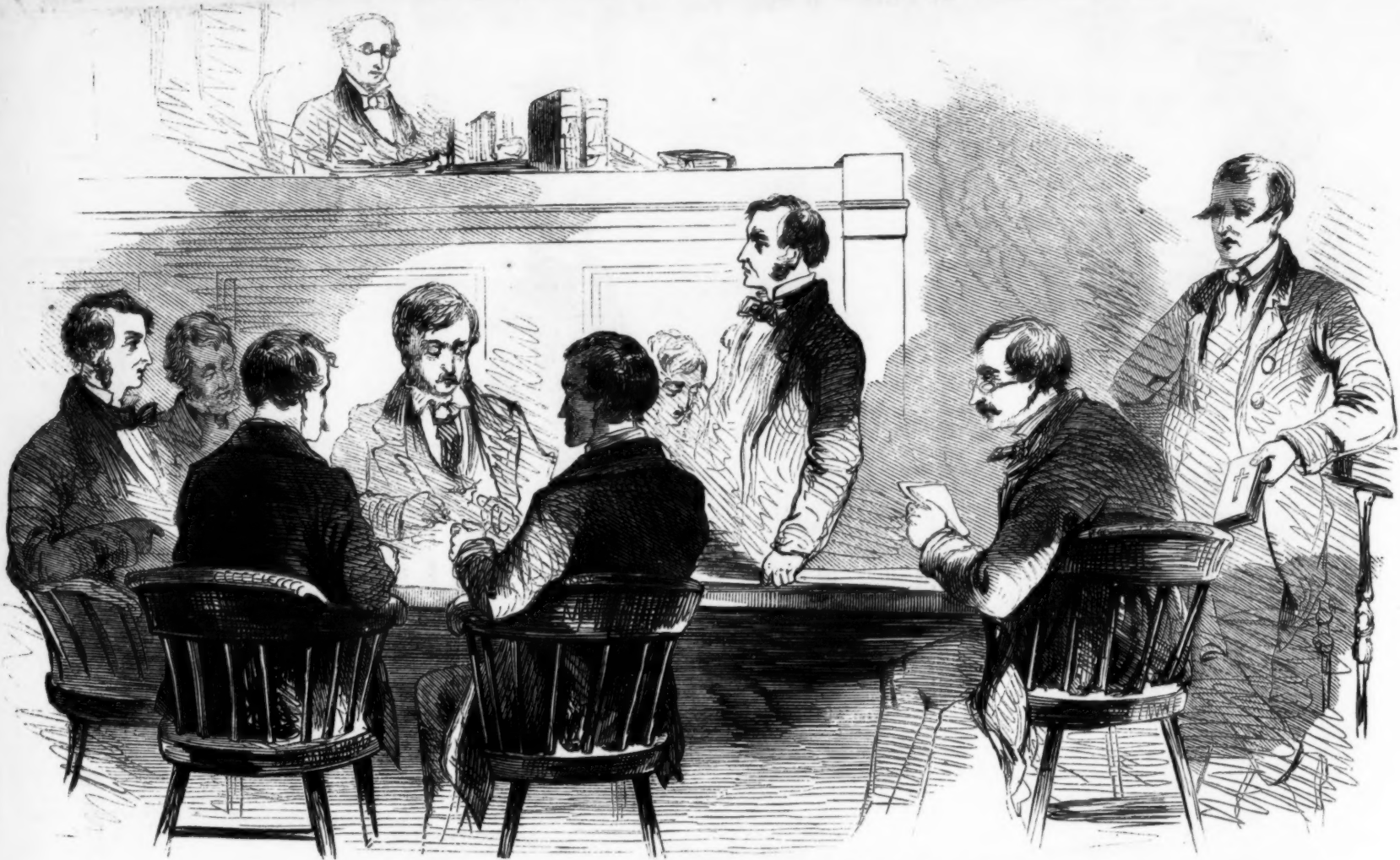


TRIMMING AND FINISHING.

CHICKERING'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY—FINISHING ROOM.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SICKLES TRIAL AT WASHINGTON—PORTRAITS, CHARACTERS AND



THE COUNSEL AND THE REPORTERS FOR THE NEWSPAPERS, ETC., TAKING NOTES OF THE EVIDENCE.



MR. JOHN SMITH, OF WASHINGTON, THE TALESMAN WHO NEVER HAD HEARD OF THE SICKLES AFFAIR.



MR. WILTBURGHER, WHO WISHED TO HANG MR. SICKLES (IF GUILTY) AS HIGH AS HAMAN.



MR. ARNOLD, WHOSE MIND WAS DESITUTE OF ANY IMPRESSION WHATEVER.



MR. STANTON, ONE OF THE ASSISTANT COUNSEL FOR MR. SICKLES.



MR. SICKLES' FATHER.



MR. PHILLIPS, COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

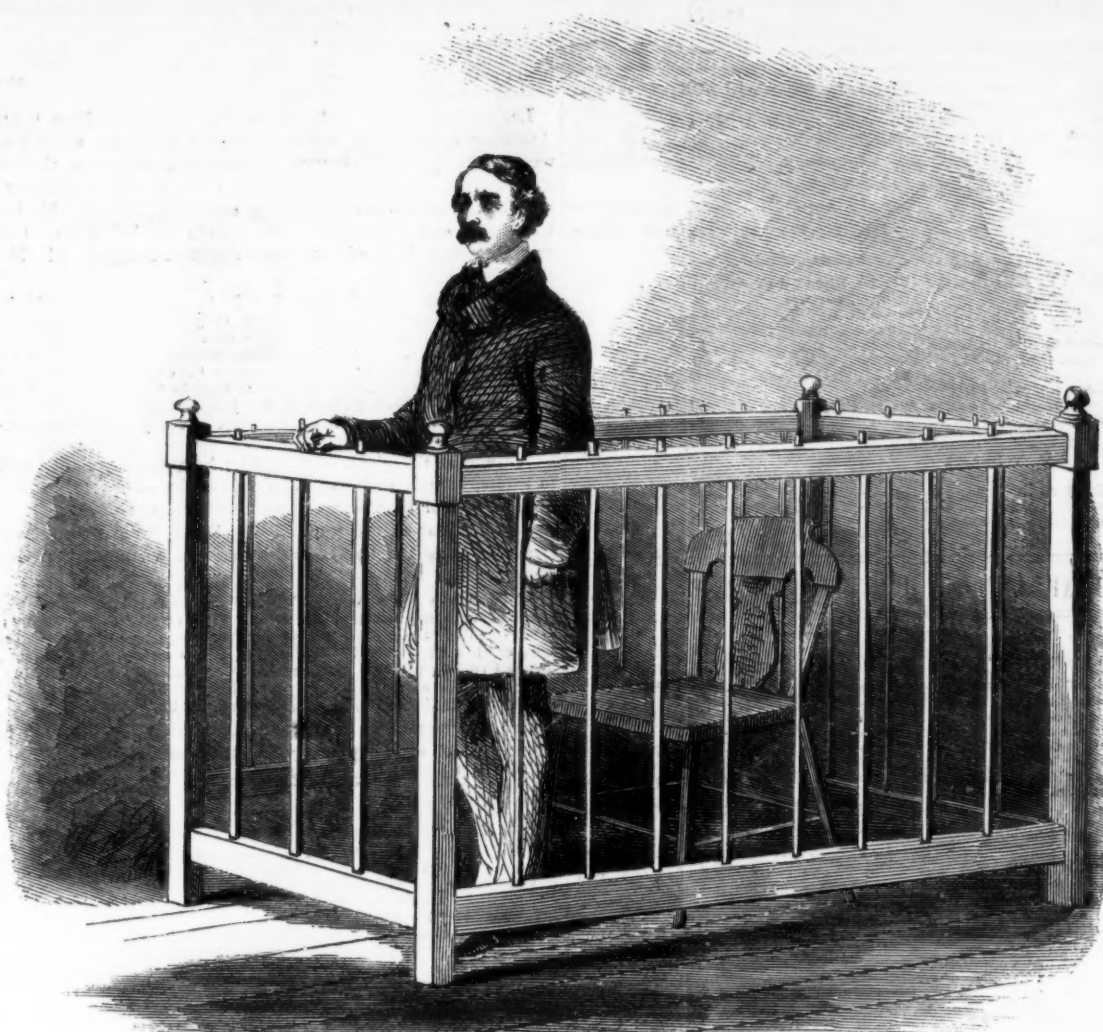
SCENES SKETCHED IN COURT DURING THE TRIAL BY OUR OWN ARTISTS.



PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHOSE SYMPATHIES ARE ENTIRELY WITH MR. SICKLES.



PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAD NO CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES OF ANY KIND.



THE DOCK IN WHICH THE PRISONER, HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES, IS PLACED.



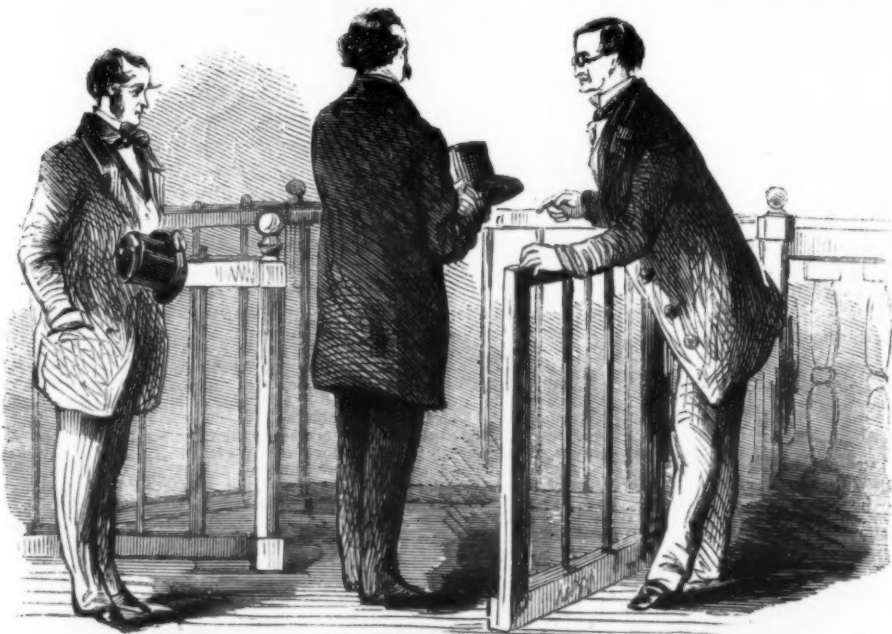
JAMES T. BRADY, CHIEF COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT.



MR. MAGRUDER, ONE OF THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.



MR. JOHN GRAHAM, ASSISTANT COUNSEL FOR MR. SICKLES.



MR. SICKLES ENTERING THE DOCK.



SICKLES LEAVING COURT FOR PRISON ACCOMPANIED BY THE JAILOR AND PRISON GUARD.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1889.

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The Sickles Trial.

We continue our illustrated history of the most remarkable trial of modern times, for the killing of a gentleman of high social position by one of the legislators of our republic, for the seduction of his wife. In addition to these facts, there are others which take it out of the common calendar, such as the European reputation of the chief actor in this appalling tragedy, and his intimate friendship with the President.

The fidelity of our previous engravings has been universally conceded by the press and the public generally, which of course was only their due, since they were taken on the spot by the first artists in the country, especially engaged for that purpose.

The same plan will be pursued during the trial, as our artists transmit to us every morning sketches of every incident of interest that occurs from hour to hour. It was impossible, in justice to our other engagements, to find space for more in the present number, but our next will contain truthful engravings of the numerous exciting incidents now occurring in Washington, the fidelity of which we guarantee.

The interest as yet can hardly be said to have commenced, it must necessarily deepen as the trial progresses, and we confidently assert that no other paper in America can possibly compete with ours, either for the fidelity of the embellishments, their beauty and graphic design, and also for their artistic excellence.

Our next number will be in all respects the most remarkable and interesting paper ever issued.

England and America.

THE impunity with which foreign Governments insult and imprison American citizens is too old a song to deserve the attention of the Authorities, but like every rule it has its exception, and this is found in the wonderful vigilance manifested by our press and politicians in looking out for any affront from England. If Lord Napier does not return the bow of a pothouse politician, those wonderful patriots, the Washington letter-writers, wear out the telegraph wires with fabulous accounts of General Cass ordering that broken-down, spavined, asthmatic steamer, the Arctic, out to the Gulf, to sink, destroy and then capture the entire British navy! Tammany Hall roars like a young calf, and shallalighdom insists upon somebody treading on the tail of its coat! All this is right enough if it were applied all round; but it seems as though our public spirit and national valor were exhausted by this imaginary campaign, and the consequence is that the most contemptible states, the dunghills of South and Central America, take a fiendish and yet imbecile pleasure in murdering and torturing our fellow-citizens. The mere recital of the wrongs of the last ten years is enough to bring a blush into the cheek of a New York Alderman. But we will, out of mere shame and disgust, pass over the murder in cold blood of above a hundred Americans by the monster who now rules in Cuba, the infamous Concha; the slaughter, three years ago, of twenty citizens in New Granada is a trifle unworthy, perhaps, of serious remark. Two Presidents have failed in getting redress, and we suppose it will require an invasion of the District of Columbia by these mongrel Spaniards to arouse our dotard politicians to action. We will consider these as things of the past—the dead must revenge the dead—but let us, in the name of all that is left of humanity in the national breast, take some pity on the living who are now in the power of those mongrels. In the hope that a sense of shame may rouse our cabinet to some action, we present the following instance of the deference paid to the British name in even lawless Mexico. It is from a letter received last week:

"The Custom House officers a few nights since seized several

officers of the Alert by force, and had them searched on suspicion of smuggling specie. Fortunately for the latter, at that particular time nothing was found upon their persons to justify the arrest; but that they had been smuggling was notoriously known and talked of by everybody in the town. The captain of the Alert complained to the authorities at Tepic of the unheard-of indignity offered to his officers, and demanded an instant apology. By return mail the Customs officers were deprived of their commissions, and sentenced to two months' hard labor."

Let us now see how that miserable little State Peru treats American citizens. A merchant named Robinson refused to pay a forced loan—his house was sacked, and he was thrown into prison. Mr. Clay, our Minister there, of course refused to interfere, doubtless afraid of being served so himself. He has been tried, and sentenced to six years in the chain gang. Can any man read this without a sentiment of indignation? Mr. Robinson says:

"The Hon. Mr. Jermingham, H.B.M. Chargé d'Affaires in Lima, offered me his protection as a British subject, being born in Great Britain. At the same time he took the cases of my fellow-sufferers in hand. However, I had to reject, having no other claim on him or his Government for protecting me than merely the chance of having been born on British soil. Nevertheless, it may be that I shall yet have to avail myself of his kindness, as my judge, the honorable and upright Isaac Suero, has passed a sentence of six years in the chain-gang on me and my companions."

We admire the pluck of this man; he very properly refused to shelter himself under an *alias* nationality—but alas! he will have to do it if he wishes to save his life or reason.

As a pendant to this melancholy picture, we give an extract from a letter sent to the *Herald* by another victim of Peruvian tyranny:

"It was two years on the 27th of November last since I was dragged, with my hands tied, through the streets of Callao, by a party of soldiers and other ruffians, at the instigation of the authorities of this city, and thrown into a negro chain-gang dungeon, where I remain till the present moment, without trial or hearing, not even such as are vouchsafed to the commonest bandit of the country by the debauched courts of this republic."

Oh! for one tone of that noble American voice that said to France, "You shall pay or fight, by the Eternal!"

Personal.

GENERAL MORRIS has declined the appointment of Consul to Havre.

At Rossini's last soirée in Paris a small opera was produced in his theatre, to suit the size of the apartment, called a "*Marriage en Poste*"—the whole dramatic action taking place in the diligence. The next piece is to be "*Ua Mariage dans un Chapeau*," after that "*An Elopement in a Pill-box*." Mlle. Tagliioni danced a *petit pas* on a tea tray.

LITERARY CELEBRITIES IN ROME.—A letter-writer thus speaks of the representatives of American mind now resident in the Eternal City:

"Hawthorne I frequently see in the street, swinging along with a sort of land-measuring pace, smoking, and occasionally looking out from under his shaggy brow and otherwise timorous face. He avoids all society, and is said to be engaged on some new work, the subject of which is not even known to his wife."

Motley, who is conceded to be, by many English critics, the greatest living historian, I occasionally meet in society gatherings. He is rather tall, has an earnest American expression, and wears his hair parted in the centre. He is still engaged on his historical work. The famous manuscripts of the Vatican, so difficult of serviceable access, have afforded him additional material for his labors.

Miss Cushman has taken a house here for five years. She gives most agreeable entertainments, and adds to them a most interesting feature in her own spirited musical recitations. The eccentric Miss Hemmer, the sculptor, lives with her."

THE LONDON TIMES EDITORIAL FORCE.—A pryer into the secret workings of the London "Thunderer," of Printing House square, the *Times*, has made the following discovery. He says that the actual editor is Mr. John Delane, but the person entrusted with the greatest responsibility is the "Manager," as he is called. Mr. Mowbray Morris. There are several leader writers, among whom are Mr. Delane himself; Mr. Dallas, husband of that admirable actress, Miss Glyn; Mr. Chenev, who was the correspondent of the journal at Constantinople during the Russian war; Mr. Moseley, &c. The literary reviewer is Mr. Samuel Lucas; the theatrical critic, Mr. John Oxenford; the musical critic, Mr. J. W. Davison; his art subjects are treated by Mr. Tom Taylor, and the city article is written by Mr. Pamphson. The heads of the reporting staff are Mr. Woods, who was the Crimean correspondent of the *Morning Herald*; and Mr. J. Macdonald, who will be recollected as the administrator of the *Times* fund at Scutari.

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Charles Dickens has withdrawn from "Household Words," and it is said that that periodical will cease to exist with its May number. The new serial which Mr. Dickens is about to produce, now that he has receded from the "Household Words," is to be called "All the Year Round." It is perfectly certain that Mr. G. A. Sala will have nothing to do with "Household Words," as he has already an immensity of current work, and sails in July on a trip to the Southern States of America, to pick up material for future use. The title of Mr. Sala's next work is "Gas Light and Day-Light, with some London Scenes they Shine Upon."

MACAULAY.—"Lord Macaulay is seen gliding about the Museum," says a London paper, "looking ill, one is sorry to see, but evidently occupied."

M. FRANÇOIS VICTOR HUGO, the youngest son of the French poet, has just sent from the press the first volume of his translation of the works of Shakespeare. It is published by Pagnerre, of Paris, and contains the tragedy of "Hamlet," after the quarto discovered in 1825, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

MR. CARLYLE is working hard at the "Friedrich."

LORD BROUGHAM'S GALLANTRY.—There is an anecdote circulating about Lord Brougham, that he was met leaving the House, by a brother peer, who had two very beautiful ladies on his arms. "Sorry to see you leaving," was the remark, "as these young ladies came expressly to hear you speak." Lord Brougham, as a *preux chevalier* of the old school, declared that they should not be disappointed—returned to the House, and, asking some question on foreign politics, was smiled off by Lord Melbourne, who was unprepared; whereupon was delivered one of his Lordship's most memorable philippics, that shook the very foundation of the Ministry, and all this, says the narrator of the anecdote, to please a pair of pretty women, who took the compliment the same as they would a box at the opera or a whitebait dinner. We have known more alarming things done for even a kind glance from one pair of eyes—here the reward was cent. per cent.

THERE is a report that Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind has determined once again to enter professional life.

MIND THE CURTAINS, MY LOVE.—The Duke of Norfolk has his smoking room in his new mansion at Sheffield Park, over the upper stories of a quadrangular tower between seventy and eighty feet high. No domestic economy can be outraged when the lord and master adopts such precautions as these.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the celebrated novelist, is now on his way back to Paris. He was at Constantinople on the 19th of February, and left the next day for France. While at Stamboul, both M. Monin and the great Alexandre paraded the streets of that city for several days, in flaming Circassian costume—white fur bonnet, gold-braided jacket, embroidered boots, and girdle filled with pistols and daggers. M. Dumas was expected to start at once for France; but to return in a yacht of his own, which he recently purchased, and in which he intended to cruise all over the Euxine and Mediterranean. He has been accompanied during his journey through the Russian possessions by a French painter, M. Monin, who brings back an album full of sketches, taken during his interesting journey. In a short time the great writer will be in his old literary *oasis*, and then look out for an avalanche of volumes, such as even his rapid pen never gave us before.

BLAKE'S CHUCKLE.—A dramatic critic in this city thus grows eloquent over one of the peculiarities of that most excellent actor, William Rufus Blake. Blake's change from a whirlwind of rage to one of those queer oily chuckles of his, a chuckle all over, in which the buttons on his coat wink at you, and the ends of his fingers seem to be feeling for a good place to catch hold of the joke that puffs him up with its immense fun, and keep it from coming out all at once and hurting somebody—Blake's chuckle is Dantean.

HOW SEWARD LOOKS.—A letter-writer gives the following graphic description of Senator Seward: "We see a short, delicately made man, with a singular looking, wrinkled face and Roman nose; a head calculated to puzzle Spurzheim, covered with coarse, short, gray hair, not very tidily brushed; bushy, gray eyebrows, overhanging eyes, most remarkable for their brilliancy of expression; clothed in attire neat to precision, but negligently worn. We hear him speak, and his voice is poor—evidently injured by the long and prodigal use of snuff; his delivery careless even to slouchiness, leaning against his desk, with his hands in his pockets, his only gesture made with his head, which rolls about almost independently of his body; thus deliberately, and more in the tone of conversation than that of debate, he pours out the most beautiful specimens of rhetoric, the clearest logic in language of Saxon purity, the profoundest axioms, prophecies that never fail, legal aphorisms true as the statutes, illustrations drawn from every source which literature has reached—all clothed in language not one word of which need be blotted."

LITERATURE, NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

We have received a copy of that spicy little paper, *The Programme*, published and ably edited by CHARLES MCLACHLAN, Esq. It is the recognized organ of the opera house, theatres, concerts, &c., and is read by every amusement lover in the city. The increase of advertising patronage has created the necessity for enlarging *The Programme*, and it looks very neat and attractive in its new form and dress.

The Pillar of Fire. By the Rev. Dr. Ingraham. PUDNEY & RUSSELL, 1859. Mr. Ingraham has already earned a distinguished name in literature by his "Prince of the House of David," one of the most remarkable works of the time for its singular mixture of learning and imagination. In the present work he has chosen a subject still more accordant with his genius, since the days of Moses are dimmer to the human eye than those of our Saviour. We know of few volumes which combine more instruction with delight than the volume before us, since being based upon Scripture it has all the solemnity of divine truth with that glow of eloquence so attractive to the young. The illustrations which accompany this most interesting text are very excellent specimens of art, more especially the frontispiece, a steel engraving of the princess finding Moses in the bullrushes. Altogether it is a charming volume as regards matter, type and binding.

MUSICAL.

Italian Opera—Fourteenth Street.—Mr. Ullman commenced his Spring Operatic Campaign on Monday evening last. His principal attraction is the young and inspired Gazzaniga, who delighted a brilliant audience by her impressive and original reading of the rôle of Violetta in "La Traviata." The crowded state of our columns only enables us this week to announce the fact. We shall speak at length in our next.

Piccolomini is carrying all before her in the South. She fascinates to distraction the warm-hearted Southerners, and will reap a golden harvest in return. She is accompanied by Mr. Lunley's agent, and the active business department is conducted by Dr. A. Rawlings. We understand on good authority that the story about her quarrel with Ullman was an undiluted fabrication. The last concert of the New York Philharmonic Society was an admirable one, and gave unqualified satisfaction. It is pleasant to find that this excellent society still mainline its hold upon the affections of the people. It is deserving of every encouragement that can be bestowed upon it.

Theodore Eisfeld, whose sufferings at the burning of the steamship Austria and miraculous preservation from death will be remembered by all, has just returned to New York. He was cordially and heartily welcomed by the hosts of friends who were warmly interested in his welfare, and the kindest sympathy was expressed on every hand. He is quite restored to health, and looks ten years younger than when he started on the voyage which proved so disastrous to him and hundreds of others.

The Philharmonic Society, with true brotherly feeling, acted promptly the moment his arrival in New York was authenticated, and announced a welcome concert to Theodore Eisfeld, which was given at the Academy of Music last Saturday evening, April 13th. The most eminent artists in the city joined with the noble Philharmonic Orchestra in swelling the attraction of this friendly offering to an esteemed and respected brother musician. We shall comment upon this interesting affair more fully in our next.

Colonel James Pipes, of Pipeville, is creating a *fooroor* in New Orleans.

DRAMA.

Metropolitan Theatre.—This really beautiful house (formerly Burton's) was thrown open to the public on Monday last by Miss Jane M. Davenport, with Mr. Conway, an old New York favorite, as acting manager. The play selected for the occasion was a translation by a Mr. Leland of Scribner's well-known drama of the "Czarina," which we cannot consider a happy selection; for although the drama is not without interest, and has some strong scenes, yet, as a whole, it is weak and heavy, being too long by at least one third. The scene is laid, of course, at the Court of Russia, and depends for its interest upon the passion of the Czarina for a young Polish officer, who is also beloved by Olga Merzloff, a lady-in-waiting upon the sovereign; which said Polish gentleman is at first extravagantly enamored of the Czarina, and subsequently becomes still more enraptured with Olga, to whom he has been married in consequence of a mandate of the Czar Peter. Miss Davenport, who performed the rôle of Catherine the Czarina, has been absent from New York for a long period—for too long a period, for we perceive, with regret, that her faults, which formerly were almost entirely hidden by her many excellencies, have become vastly exaggerated from acting continually in the provinces, where, it seems, that refinement and delicacy of shading must give place to noise and bold effects. It is most unfortunate that an artist, so admirable in many respects, should have been induced, by injudicious applause, to graft upon her acting a style so utterly at variance with the delicately colored and artistic pictures she used to delight us with, and which still at times stand prominently out, proving that she has not lost her perception of what is really beautiful and true in acting, only permitted it to become clouded. We trust that a season in the metropolis will entirely restore her to her former self; more we cannot ask. Mr. Conway's portraiture of Peter the Great was strongly marked, somewhat exaggerated, yet an original and fresh performance. We gladly welcome this excellent actor back to New York. The rest of the company acquitted themselves most creditably, and the entire performance seemed to give great satisfaction to the crowded audience. The theatre itself has been considerably freshened up, and everything promises well for the success of the enterprise.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—On Saturday last Mr. Blake's benefit, with "Old Heads and Young Hearts," on the bills. Blake, of course, the Jesse Rural, a character in which the most worthy Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has embalmed him for posterity. This week "Our American Cousin," the everlasting, talks through his nose at us again, and on Saturday night, we hear, the theatre is to be closed to allow for a grand dress rehearsal of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to be produced on Monday, the 18th, without a fail.

Wallack's Theatre.—"As You Like It" all last week, with the ever-green Wallack as the "melancholy Jacques," and Walcot "the motley fool" the forest," followed by Brougham's screaming farce of "Love and Murder" every night. This is, we are assured, Mr. Wallack's last week, and every one should take an opportunity to see this most classic artist and accomplished gentleman previous to what is, we fear, his final retirement.

Theatre Francais.—The benefit so thoroughly earned and so gladly given to Messrs. Widdows and Sage at this house on Monday, the 4th inst., we are happy to record as a most successful affair. We had hardly expected, indeed, to see such a numerous assembly present, when the opening of the Metropolitan Theatre, the German Opera, and fresh programmes at Laura Keene's and Wallack's were to be numbered as offsetting attractions. The pieces given were, first, "John at Nanette," in which, apart from the acting, M. Bertrand's "make up" was something irresistibly ludicrous; "La Ligne de Berger" charmingly sung by Mlle. Ren, who daily gives us new proofs of her cleverness and versatility; "Le Piano de Berthe," carried off by the usual vivacity of M. Laba; and last, not least in fun *desopilante*, a folie-vaudeville, in one act, "Un Scandale à New York."

On Thursday the programme contained "La Meunière de Marly," in which, in our opinion, M. Elgard has, as yet, achieved his most decided success, the part of the devil may-care yet love-sickened miller being best adapted to his style of acting; "Furnished Apartments," exciting, by its English title, a curiosity, which, at the close, was amply satisfied; and "Je Dine Chez ma Mère," not, as announced, for the last time, we hope.

The establishment of a French Theatre in our midst may now be considered a thing accomplished, thanks to the native New Yorkers who have come forward and so generously sustained the new enterprise, for it is a fact as significant as it is gratifying, that the majority of the annual subscribers and occasional patrons are Americans—a thing not generally known, we imagine.

Barnum's American Museum.—That last successful specimen of Celtic consanguinity, "Our Irish Cousin," still holds his own on the boards of this establishment, and we have no hesitation in saying that as long as he brings in the shakels to Manager Greenwood's cash-box at the present cheerful rate, he will continue to do so.

THOSE who pass up and down Broadway need not be told that one of the handsomest stores in that famous thoroughfare is the marble palace of Messrs. Devlin, the largest clothiers in America. To those whose memory carries them back only a brief ten years, it must be a matter of the most unbounded surprise, that a trade which was formerly carried on in the side streets and in small dingy stores should now occupy marble palaces. When our friend Devlin moved into his present mammoth store, we thought he was reckoning very fast, but we soon found he knew his own business best, and the result has been that at the present time he conducts the largest establishment of the kind in America, and possibly in the world. Another remarkable feature is, that his retail trade is equally extended as his wholesale—he is as ready to supply an army as an individual; as for the make, style and quality, we can answer, from our own experience, that they are unequalled.

SUCH is the interest taken in the present remarkable trial, that Mr. Robert De Witt, the well-known publisher, has made arrangements to publish in pamphlet form, immediately on the conclusion of the trial, a complete history of the whole affair. It will be profusely illustrated, and accompanied with a verbatim report of the proceedings from the notes of Felix G. Fontaine, the able short-hand reporter. Those who want a complete detailed account had better send in their orders at once to Mr. De Witt.

TRIAL OF THE HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES FOR THE MURDER OF PHILIP BARTON KEY, FOR THE SEDUCTION OF MRS. SICKLES.

THERE has been no trial within the memory of man which has caused so deep an interest as that now progressing in Washington. The social rank of the actors concerned, the youth and beauty of the unfortunate lady, whose unhappy fate has drawn commiseration from all classes, the well-known reputation of the wretched man whose life has paid the penalty of his crime—all these have combined to invest with an air of romance the closing scene of a tragedy which has carried desolation into the households of many.

We may mention as a proof of the deep interest taken by the public in this melancholy affair, that it required three days to find a jury, hundreds of those summoned openly declaring that their sympathies were so enlisted in the case that they were not qualified to act impartially, whatever the evidence might be. It is but just to add that a large proportion of them seemed to be biased in favor of the prisoner.

The First Day.

We need not describe the Court or its appearance. Our artists have done that in our last paper, and from sketches made on the spot. It is only necessary to add that the officials at Washington have earned an unenviable fame by their arrangements on the present occasion, since there is not room for one-tenth the reporters there. They had to write when, how and where they could—on the tops of hats, and other ingenious contrivances.

Judge Crawford, who is the Court in this important case, is well-known to the Bar here as a white-haired, spectacled old gentleman, rather of the ancient regime, and profoundly governed by English precedents.

The course of Mr. District Attorney Ould in requiring a property qualification of eight hundred dollars to make a juror, in accordance with the musty provisions of an old and virtually obsolete law of the State of Maryland, excites much surprise and prejudice, and had the effect of excluding at least one good juror.

The father of Mr. Sickles, and Mr. Baglioli, father of Mrs. Sickles, are in Washington, and sat in the Court together.

The room in which the trial is held is not more than two-thirds full, the crowd being excluded by the direction of Judge Crawford. There are no women among the audience.

The Washington bar are much hurt by the arrangements for the trial, and especially by the fact that there is no prominent Washington lawyer engaged for the defence.

The witnesses for the prosecution were summoned to prove the act of murder only. Mr. Butterworth has not been called.

The Judge's refusal to allow the prisoner to be placed in close proximity to his counsel is not to be taken as an indication of the sentiment of the Court, but only as the usual practice in Washington.

The reporter of the *Times* says: "I visited Mr. Sickles in prison at a late hour last evening. There is no special hour for excluding visitors. When I called, there were three gentlemen with him, among them his father. I had not seen Mr. Sickles since his arrest, and was hardly prepared to find him looking so well. His manner was pleasantly natural."

"There was little or no talk about the event in which so deep an interest is felt; at the same time there was no apparent desire to evade the subject. Conversation was kept up on a variety of topics, and the accused bore his part in it with such ease that no one would imagine that he bore a great and abiding grief at his heart."

"His little pet Italian grayhound now sat on his knee, and now got between the sheets of the bed, placed in one corner of the jailer's room, which is occupied by Mr. Sickles. The room is furnished coarsely, but still with comfort, and the prisoner appears to make the most of it."

At ten o'clock Judge Crawford took his seat, and at half-past Mr. Sickles was placed at the dock. His counsel are, James T. Brady, of New York; E. P. Stanton, of Pittsburgh; and Messrs. Samuel Chilton and Daniel Ratcliffe of Washington. There are several other gentlemen associated with these, among them Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher of New York.

The prosecution is conducted by Mr. Robert Ould, the Attorney of the United States for the District of Columbia, and it is understood that he will employ Mr. J. M. Carlisle to aid him—at least application is to be made for permission to do so.

At a quarter past ten A. M. Judge Crawford took his seat on the bench, and the trial opened the Court. Soon afterwards the public doors were thrown open and the room was immediately filled. Mr. Brady was presented to the Court by Mr. Magruder.

Mr. Ould begged permission before the arraignment of the prisoner, to state that Mr. Carlisle was associated with him in the prosecution of the case. This association was extremely gratifying to him, and he was sure it would also be agreeable to the Court. The indictment was then read to the prisoner, charging him, with the usual quantity of legal verbiage, with the murder of Philip Barton Key, in the City of Washington, on the 27th of February.

He was asked the question, "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

In a clear, firm tone, he responded, "Not guilty."

The task of getting a jury was then commenced.

Joseph P. Brien was the first juror called.

The Judge said he would put the usual questions to the jurors touching their impartiality.

Mr. Stanton stated that the defence would be satisfied with that course.

Question by the Judge—Have you at any time formed or expressed an opinion in relation to the guilt or innocence of the accused?

Juror—I have.

The Judge—You may retire.

Mr. Phillips, for the defence, proposed to ask the juror whether his opinion was merely founded on rumor or on a knowledge of the facts. If merely founded on rumor, and the juror could form a fair judgment, he contended that he was competent. The defence was anxious to obtain a jury without unnecessary delay. He contended that he was competent.

The Judge permitted the examination in that way.

Question—Have you formed and expressed an opinion in this case, on rumor or on a knowledge of the facts?

Juror—Merely on rumor.

Question—Would you be able, on hearing the evidence, to render an impartial verdict?

Answer—No, sir; my mind is biased in favor of the prisoner.

The Judge—Stand aside.

Henry M. Hurdle called. Had never formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. He had no bias or prejudice either way.

Question by Mr. Ould—Have you any conscientious scruples in regard to finding a verdict of guilty in a capital case?

The Juror—I have not.

Q. Are you worth eight hundred dollars?

The Juror—I am not.

Mr. Ould submitted that amounted to a disqualification.

Mr. Stanton wanted to know whether the prosecution were going to insist on the property qualification.

Mr. Ould—The law requires it.

The Judge remarked that the law of Maryland fixed a property qualification for jurors, but unless counsel raised the question the juror would not be incompetent.

The first day closed with only five jurors selected out of the twelve.

The Second Day.

The interest was much greater to-day than yesterday.

There was some acrimonious feeling manifested to-day between Mr. Carlisle, for the prosecution, and Mr. Stanton, for the defence, which, if persisted in, will consume much time and lower the solemnity of the occasion.

Mr. Brady, in examining jurors, made a favorable impression on the Court and bar by the facility and clearness of his questions.

Mr. Sickles, on entering the court room, had a more careworn expression than yesterday, though his demeanor was outwardly calm. The dock in which he was confined was removed to the centre of the court room and nearer his counsel, with whom he was in frequent communication.

Among those present to-day we observed Peter Caggar and Cornelius Ten Broeck, of Albany; Mr. Minor, Mr. McGowan, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ryms, of New York; and Mr. Eustis, of Louisiana. The latter seemed much interested in the proceedings, notwithstanding he leads to the altar to-night the well-known heiress,

Miss Corcoran. We also remarked several members of the diplomatic corps present.

The result of this day's work was three jurors more, and the challenging a mere repetition of the previous day's questions and answers. There is much decorum displayed, and less personal feeling displayed between the counsel than is generally the case in trials of similar importance. They are evidently girding up their loins for the great struggle during the trial, and not inclined to waste their strength in mere skirmishing. Nevertheless, each point is carefully guarded and ingeniously defended, if necessary.

The following are the witnesses who have been summoned for the United States: Thomas Woodward, Ambrose C. Kingsland, Hon. John B. Haskin, E. K. Albertus, William Beebe, E. W. Cone, Hon. Hiram Walbridge, Edward C. West, Robert J. Dillon, Barney Hays, Daniel Dougherty, Jonah D. Hoover, Eugene Pendleton, Dr. Coolidge, Dr. Stone, Richard N. Downer, Francis Doyle, Thomas E. Martin, James N. Reed, Philip V. R. Van Wycke, Joseph Dudrow, Edward Delafield, Abel Upshur, Edward M. Tidball, Hon. Richard Broadhead, Hon. George Eustis, Cyrus McCormick, John M. Seely, jun. And for the defence the following is the full list: James Ginnity, James Miller, Alexander J. Boreland, David Welsh, Thomas Langley, Joseph Edwards, William Prentiss, Frederick B. Winter, Charles Allen, Thomas Morrison, Sarah Ann Seeley, Matilda Seeley, John Seeley, jun., M. P. King, Mrs. Brown, John Gray, John Cuyler, S. S. Parker, G. W. Emerson, John Thompson, Mr. Stewart, A. M. Harrison, Mr. Rapley, Mr. Forster, Mr. McGaffey, Charles Mason, Mrs. Nancy Brown, Charles William, John A. Lindon, Mr. McDonald, Frederick Wilson, J. E. McBlair.

Other witnesses may also be called on both sides, but, so far, the above-named are the only ones summoned.

It is said the defence have subpoenaed their witnesses to support their theory of justification; neither Butterworth nor Woolridge is among them.

It is further stated that the prosecution has summoned ex-Mayor Hoover, of Washington, and ex-Mayor Kingsland, of New York, and others.

The Third Day.

The excitement was evidently on the increase. After considerable challenging the number was completed, but to give the jury one more night's rest in their family circle, the twelfth was not sworn till the next morning. Their names and occupations are:

Rezin Arnold, Washington Co., farmer; James C. Davis, Washington Co., farmer; John E. Neale, Washington Co., shoe manufacturer; William S. Hopkins, Washington Co., gent's furnishing; William Bond, Washington Co., broker; James Kelley, Washington Co., tinner; William C. Harper, Washington Co., grocer; Henry M. Knight, Washington Co., grocer; Jesse B. Wilson, Washington Co., grocer; John McDermott, Washington Co., coach maker; William M. Moore, Washington Co., grocer; Joseph S. Wright, Washington Co., furniture dealer.

The only emotion exhibited by Mr. Sickles since the commencement of the trial was when his old friend, Robert J. Dillon, of New York, stepped up to him in the dock and greeted him.

It is a matter of much congratulation that the jury are such respectable and responsible men. They look as though, in addition to the property qualification, they had a conscience. A luxury sometimes not enjoyed by those who occupy the jury-box in New York.

The Fourth Day.

The Court was crowded to suffocation this morning, the interest increasing every hour. The prisoner seemed paler, but there was an air of conscious fortitude about him which spoke the true man.

Dreadful as the ordeal he is passing through is, it may yet be the regeneration of his character. Hitherto he has been open to much reproach—his antecedents have been careless, and his political partisanship unscrupulous. He now will see that self-discipline is necessary to make a great as well as a good man, and that he has the elements of both in him the closest studies of his nature are convinced of. He has earned more Christian sympathy by his considerate behavior to his fallen wife than he is aware of. She is indeed much to be pitied. A warm heart, an amorous physique, a credulous nature, and with these disturbing elements it was natural to fall before a practised, cold-blooded seducer like Key, who, no doubt, made the destruction of virtue an artistic study. But he rests in a bloody and dishonored grave; we may say of him, "His faults were grievous, and grievously he hath answered them."

A touching incident occurred this morning. One of the talesmen manifested a strong prejudice against Mr. Sickles, and after retiring from the stand he came accidentally round to the place where Mr. Baglioli was sitting. Yielding to his impulses, he got up and thus addressed the talesman:

"I heard you just now," he said, "say something harsh of the prisoner; but let me ask you if you had lost your wife, or had your daughter sacrificed, would you have been able to control your feelings and be governed by your reason?"

"I don't know," said the man; "but who is asking me this question?"

"I am the father of Mrs. Sickles," replied the unfortunate parent, whose voice was choked with emotion.

The talesman was much affected by this unexpected appeal, which brought the case more vividly home to him than ever before, and he expressed his sorrow at what he had said, whilst admitting that with the same provocation he might have done likewise. This touching scene was only observed by the person who relates it.

When the jury had taken their places, Mr. Ould, the prosecutor, opened the case against Mr. Sickles. It was a moderate statement of the facts. He, however, clearly departed from his vocation when he laid it down that no amount of provocation could justify the deed. This may come from the lips of a lawyer, but is foreign to the heart of a true man. It sounds more like the pimp than the gentleman.

After Mr. Ould's speech the following witnesses were sworn: Dr. R. N. Coolidge, Dr. R. R. Stone, Richard N. Downer, Francis Doyle, Thomas E. Martin, P. V. R. Van Wycke, Joseph Dudrow, Abel Upshur, Edward M. Tidball, Cyrus McCormick, John M. Seely, Jr., Josiah D. Hoover, Robert J. Dillon, Thomas Woodward, Reuben Worthington, Henry Hepburn and Edward Delafield.

Mr. Reed testified thus: I was passing on the Sabbath of the 27th of February, up the street known as part of Pennsylvania avenue, running by the President's house, and I got up nearly opposite the street known as Madison place; I was walking leisurely, going westward, and heard a loud talking, as I imagined; I looked up and my eye fell on two gentlemen on the corner of the pavement—at Dr. Grinnell's old residence; one was standing rather westward, the other eastward; they seemed to be from four to six feet apart; they remained so for a moment or two; as soon as I saw the men good I saw the arm of the one who was westward begin to rise; directly I saw there was something in it, apparently a pistol; the arm was gradually steadying; my impression at the moment was that these gentlemen had come out of the house where Dr. Maynard resided.

Mr. Graham objected to the witness stating his impressions or presumptions.

Witness: He raised a pistol gradually in the course of five or ten seconds; I saw him take deliberate aim; saw him aim apparently at the corner of the house, but in an instant afterwards saw it was at the man eastward of him; the aim was deliberate. The man eastward was making an effort to get out of the direction of the pistol; in two or three seconds the pistol was fired; the gentleman who was shot at ran up and got behind a tree, and commenced shouting "Murder! don't shoot me!" The man who had the pistol came up to about five feet of him; there he attempted to shoot his pistol, but it snapped; that was the second fire or attempt to fire; he then retreated back a little, the man who was shot at following him up, and they went into the middle of Madison place; that was after the first snapping, and the second attempt to shoot; when they reached the middle of the street they were about ten feet apart, and there a second firing took place; just before that, I saw the man who was shot at attempt to throw something, which apparently struck the other; the throwing and second firing of the pistol were simultaneous; the article went slowly, and fell at the feet of the man who fired the pistol; I do not know what it was; as soon as the pistol was fired the man got himself up, this way (describing him with both hands pressed against his stomach), and said something like "kill me!" he ran over to the pavement; the man who fired the pistol came up in front of the man who was down; he turned up a little on his right elbow; heard him exclaim once or twice, "Don't shoot me! don't shoot me!" the pistol was fired three times; the man who held the pistol was about two and a half feet from the body when the third shot was fired; he then attempted to shoot

again; the pistol snapped; he snapped the pistol a second time; that makes six times that the man attempted to shoot; there were six attempts to shoot; witness thought it foolish in him to rush in and interfere, lest he might be shot—hence he did not interfere, but went over as soon as the shooting was over.

These facts were corroborated by other witnesses. Indeed the killing was admitted, and it is merely to ascertain the manner that we quote Mr. Downer's evidence.

Richard N. Downer examined by the District Attorney—Resides in the district; was not present at the time of Mr. Key's death; was standing at the corner of Fifteenth street and New York avenue; before I got to Mr. Maynard's house there was a report; I was about turning the corner; I heard a snap and thought I was close enough to it, and did not go any closer (laughter); I dodged back a little; I went back after the shooting stopped (laughter) and saw Mr. Key lying on the pavement; I knew him by sight and reputation; I saw a person who I understood to be Mr. Sickles; the prisoner at the bar is that gentleman; Mr. Key was lying on his back; Mr. Sickles was fourteen or fifteen feet north of him; I heard him make a remark, which seemed to me, "Is the damned scoundrel" or the "damned rascal dead?" I saw a pistol in Mr. Sickles' hand; it looked to be a revolver; I picked up the pistol at the corner, twenty-five minutes after the occurrence; it was a Derringer pistol; took it up and looked at it; it was not loaded; I looked at it in the club-room; there was an exploded cap on the nipple; I did not observe other marks of its being recently exploded; saw a gentleman take the cap off and blow through the barrel, after examining with a pen handle whether it was loaded; I afterwards handed the pistol to the Coroner; I did not see any of the firing; had a brick house between me and the parties.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL.

HUMAN nature is always a curious study, even in every day life, but when under the high pressure of fierce emotion or unusual circumstances it becomes full of interest. No trial of recent date has, in so short a time, been so widely canvassed. We have never before been more strongly impressed with the saying, "that the spectators see more of the play than the actors," than on the present occasion. It was a strange spectacle! There sat a man famous for his tact and success, suddenly thrown off the pedestal of his social position by the converging lines of a treacherous friend, a frail wife and his own ungovernable passion. On the bench was a Judge approaching his eightieth year, to whom years had brought the philosophic mind, and who, by his age, had been removed far beyond all feelings except that of pity. There also, by his side, sat the prisoner's father, and near him the father to the unhappy woman whose beauty and untamed desires had been the Helen of this melancholy liad. Gathered around is a group of legal ability seldom seen, all ready to operate upon the belief and passions of the twelve men before them. It is to be regretted that our space is so limited, otherwise we could fill a volume with incidents, which, though trifling in themselves, were highly illustrative of character. One of our artists who accompanied us, has tried to fix some of the more emphatic phases. A gentleman who labors under the advantage of the name of John Smith, has thrown all his family into the shade by magnanimously acknowledging in the face of an April sun, and in the City of Washington, D. C., that he had never heard anything about the affair. The Dutchman who votes every four years for General Jackson, is not a circumstance to this unparalleled Smith, the *ne plus ultra* of human intelligence. He certainly must be a reader of the *Journal of Civilization*.

After this perfect specimen of the ignoramus of the Smith family, we were brought into a very positive state of emphasis by Mr. Wilt-burger, who, when he was asked if he had any prejudice against capital punishment, replied, "No, sir—if he is guilty, I say hang him as high as Haman." Thus showing his Scriptural knowledge and stern principles of justice at the same time. Such a man would be a perfect treasure in a New York jury box, and no doubt a great favorite with our friend Ashmead. After this piece of emphatic Scripture appeared a Mr. Arnold, who, with a look worthy of Arcadia, openly confessed that his mind was entirely destitute of any impression. Our artist has been very happy in this portrait, as all must admit. His portrait of Mr. Stanton is equally good. He looks every inch a wiry expounder of the law. A terrier ready to fight over every disputed bone of technicality.

Mr. Sickles' father is so well known in our community that we have only to call attention to his portrait. Whatever he may feel, he bears up for the sake of his son.

Mr. Phillips is also too well known and respected to need any remark. Far towering above all in mind and legal acquirements is the prisoner's chief counsel, the popular J. T. Brady, a man who stands higher at the bar, considering his age, than any lawyer of the time. We have so often given him our tribute of praise in these columns that we can afford to pass to his associate, and contrast the notorious John Graham, the admirer, if not the drinker of evil milk, and whose habitual behavior at the bar, spirituous and legal, has made the name of Graham a synonym for that of a gentleman.

Mr. McGruder is a much respected member of the Washington bar, and is, we understand, an honor to his profession.

As a pendant to our sketches of some of the most prominent actors in this drama, we give a sketch of Mr. Sickles leaving the court in company with his jailor, a good-tempered, benevolent man, whose height seemed lost in the clouds. Unable to fix it out within a foot or two, we asked one reporter what his height was? "Somewhere in the neighborhood of nine feet or so," was his reply. Another said, he had never measured; but he reckoned about twice the stature of Barnum's Quaker Giant! When a third told us that he was not accustomed to compute such altitudes, we gave it up, and contented ourselves by assuring our readers that all hopes of escaping such legs as he has would be futile, since they equal the seven leagued boots of our nursery tales. We, therefore, congratulate the country upon the remarkable fact, that for once the right man has been placed in the right place, and with at least a couple of feet to spare.

A Parisian Wife's Vengeance.—In Paris a month ago lived the two heroines of the following story. One, Madame (we will say Brown), has the reputation of possessing a magnificent head of hair—a great auburn mass, altogether exceptional and incomparable. Another lady (suppose we say Madame Smith), has grown very tired this winter of constantly hearing her husband, Mr. Smith, praise in glowing terms the luxuriant tresses of Madame Brown, and has, naturally enough, tormented herself with the idea that the said Smith (excellent name, Smith!) would by no means be sorry to occupy a portion of the thoughts sheltered by the golden locks of the fair one in question.

Under these slightly dangerous circumstances, Madames Brown and Smith chanced to meet at a ball in the Rue Blanche, on a recent Friday evening. The Smiths, husband and wife, had just entered, and were standing in a crowded doorway, when Madame Brown was announced. Madame Smith looked sharply at the perfidious Smith, and caught him in the very act of smiling with pleasure upon hearing Madame B's name. Madame S. frowned, but managed to conceal her wrath. Women are such adepts in the art of dissimulation! But chance is a terrible conspirator. In a few moments, as accident would have it, (you see!) Madame Brown approached within a step of her admirer and his wife, her back turned towards the couple. The shameless Smith had had the impudence to exclaim, audibly, "What a splendid head of hair!" In an instant his wife, blinded by her jealous passion, and forgetting all else, stretched forth her arm, seized her rival's comb, and pulled it away. With the comb came the famous auburn mass which had so disturbed the tranquility of the Smiths' dovecote!

Here was a nice piece of business! Madame Brown turned towards the other, and, in her sudden rage, raised her hand to return insult for insult, but was restrained by an English general, who fortunately stood near by. As for the wretched Smith, scandalized and astounded at the outrageous conduct of his wife, it may readily be supposed that he didn't stop to recover the comb, thrown, with the golden locks still clinging to it, at the head of a bald bidder on the other side of the room—no, the guilty Smith did nothing of the sort. He grasped his wife's arm, and led her out of the house, dragging her down the stairs four at a time, and, thrusting her into the first cab in the street, succeeded in getting her fairly away. It is said that an uncle of Madame Brown (who is a widow) was endeavoring all day Saturday to meet Mr. Smith, for the purpose of horsewhipping him, and was finally with great difficulty dissuaded from his purpose. Madame Brown, finding the spring very early this year, has gone to the country; and news having just arrived of the demise of a cousin residing in Greenland, the Smiths have put on mourning, and see no company whatever.

Love Signs.—In Italy, a lover at a ball places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, "You are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies, "I consent;" but if she turns her head it is a denial. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her is only indifference; to place yourself near her is interest; but to follow her with your eyes in the dance is love.



COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER BETWEEN THE STEAMER KNICKERBOCKER AND SLOOP STEPHEN RAYMOND—CAPTAIN DROWNED.

FEARFUL COLLISION ON THE HUDSON.

On the evening of Monday, the 28th March last, the steamer Knickerbocker came into collision with the sloop Stephen Raymond, of Hastings, near that village, on the Hudson river. The force of the blow cut the sloop down to the water's edge, and she filled and sank immediately, and all hands on board were drowned. A small boat was towing astern of the sloop when the collision took place, but the vessel sank before the unfortunate men could avail themselves of it.

Nothing definite is known of this melancholy affair, as no one saw the accident, nor was it known that it had occurred until the next morning, when the upper part of the mast was seen about fifteen feet above the water.

Two persons were about a quarter of a mile distant when the collision took place, and distinctly heard the crash when the vessels came in contact. The steamboat (which was distinguished only by her lights), was then observed to sheer towards Piermont, blow off steam and stop. From the appearance of the vessel she must have been struck amidships and instantly sunk.

Her binnacle was picked up yesterday, some distance from the scene of the disaster, and it is said that some of her spars are broken and are only prevented from floating away by being entangled in some of the rigging. The sails and upper part of the vessel are much torn and broken, showing that the shock must have been very violent.

She was loaded with lime, and was approaching her dock when the collision occurred. There were three men on board at the time, Capt. Elijah Conklin, the mate, Peter Datzel, and a young man about sixteen or eighteen years of age, named William Hagan. They all resided at Hastings.

The Stephen Raymond hailed from Hastings, and was owned by Mr. Isaac Lefurgy of the same place. She was worth about two thousand dollars, and there was no insurance either upon vessel or cargo. Captain Conklin was a man of about thirty-five years of age, and we are sorry to say, leaves a wife and children.

The mate, Mr. Datzel, was unmarried, and about twenty years of age. Young Hagan was an only son, and his bereaved parents are inconsolable for his loss. This melancholy catastrophe has cast a gloom over the entire village of Hastings. Information has since been received that the two men Datzel and Hagan were saved. The fate of the captain, Elijah Conklin, appears to be certain, as nothing has been heard of him.

It was at first unknown what steamer it was, and Mr. Lefurgy came to this city on Friday last to make inquiries, when it was ascertained to have been the Knickerbocker.

A SPIRITUALIST DETECTED.

MISS VINCENT, a spiritualist, who has for some time past astonished the inhabitants of Sandusky and the neighborhood by answering all manner of questions, by means of an invisible horn, was detected a short time ago by some of her common sense auditors. Miss Vincent, we must premise, always insisted on the lights being turned down, alleging that dark-

ness was absolutely necessary for the certain appearance of the spirits, and for some time her stances were eminently successful, but her glory was recently nipped in the bud by the simultaneous production of several lights by the audience, revealing her with a horn to her mouth, in the act of delivering a communication. The following is from the official statement, sworn to by those who witnessed the exposure:

"After sitting some time in the dark the horn commenced vibrating on the table, ascended the wall, went along the ceiling, came down and went round, touching many in the circle, after which a sound as if of a mighty rushing wind came from the horn, with sundry hard knocks on the table, when a voice proceeding from the horn, purporting to be that of a person who died four thousand years ago, proceeded to instruct the circle by blowing them up, and using various little personalities, told them that they were far too groveling and not sufficiently angelic to be members of any circle whatever, and concluded by directing them to ask for the information that he (the spirit of the horn) received from his teacher in the sphere that he inhabited.

Unfortunately for Miss Vincent some of her hearers were sceptical, and agreed that they should carry lanterns, and when a certain question was asked they should produce them. The question was, "Was Jesus Christ a legitimate or an illegitimate child?" The horn was giving the answer, "He was a legitimate child," when the lights were produced, revealing the medium standing by the table, with the horn to her mouth, finishing the answer. On being detected she immediately dropped the horn and fell back in her chair, and the

meeting broke up in "most admired disorder." It is a mystery where she managed to secrete the horn on the former occasions, as on the re-appearance of the light it was not to be found, although a search was more than once made.

FIREMEN'S HALL, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

We give an engraving of Firemen's Hall, Detroit, Michigan, the scene of the Great Billiard Match between Phelan and Seereiter, which is to come off on Tuesday the 12th instant.

This building was selected as offering greater accommodation for spectators than any other public building in the city of Detroit.

In our next number we shall give an accurate drawing of the interior of the hall, showing the players during the progress of the game.

The last advices from Detroit say that Seereiter's friends feel certain of their man's success, while the New Yorkers have equal confidence in the powers of Mr. Phelan.

Few bets have been laid in public, and those only to a small amount.

When Firemen's Hall was rented, it was arranged that the surplus proceeds should be devoted to the noble object which constitutes the mission of the Mount Vernon Association. Firemen's Hall will seat, it is said, five hundred persons. Supposing it to be filled, as no doubt it will, deducting two hundred tickets of admission to be given to the two players, the proceeds would amount to one thousand five hundred dollars. Five hundred dollars will largely pay for the hiring and fitting up of the room, gas-light, &c., so that the handsome surplus of one thousand dollars would remain to be handed over to the Mount Vernon Association.

MICHAEL PHELAN.

This gentleman, whose portrait is given in our present number, was born at Castle Comagh, county Kilkenny, Ireland, and came to this country with his father at an early age. He was apprenticed to a jeweller, but having, from constant practice in his father's rooms, become a very first-rate player, he abandoned the jewellery business, and directed his whole attention to the game of billiards.

Mr. Phelan went to England about the year 1851, where he had the opportunity of observing the play of Mr. Roberts, of the Cambridge University rooms, but he did not play any match whilst in that country. In America he has played a number of games, and been uniformly successful. His principal contests were with Benjamin, of Philadelphia, last December twelvemonth, for two thousand dollars, when Phelan gave his opponent three points in sixteen, and with a French player named Damon, for five hundred dollars, which took place in San Francisco, Damon receiving the odds of twenty points in the hundred.

In the game which at present creates so much excitement, Mr. Phelan's friends still showed so much confidence in his well-known skill, and seemed inclined to back him so freely, that Mr. Phelan considered himself bound in conscience to warn them that



MISS VINCENT DETECTED WITH THE HORN TO HER MOUTH, THROUGH WHICH SHE ASSERTED THE SPIRITS MADE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS.

the condition of his health was not such as to warrant the confidence they showed in a result in his favor. He has been obliged to attend to his business as usual, and depends upon his old skill and the inspiration of the moment, more than upon any practice he has had lately. As he himself says, if the rheumatism will only give him a holiday on the day of the match, he hopes to be able to give a good account of himself.

JOHN SEEREITER.

JOHN SEEREITER—generally known among the billiard-playing fraternity by the sobriquet of "Dutch Hans"—is a German by birth, but has been a resident in this country from his childhood. He is now about thirty-six years of age, and is employed in Whipple's billiard rooms in Detroit. His wonderful play became known principally by his games with Chrystal, one of which took place in New York, the other in Detroit, and in both of which he was the winner, beating by one hundred and sixty points in the former, and in the latter by one hundred and thirty-seven. Both games were for one thousand dollars. In the match played at Detroit he made the largest run ever known in a carom game, viz., one hundred and twenty points.

According to the representations of Mr. Seereiter's friends, that gentleman is in magnificent trim, and by long and incessant practice has schooled his eye into almost mathematical correctness, and his hand into almost mechanical precision. He practises many hours a day, and likewise devotes a stated time daily to gymnastic exercise, to increase his powers of enduring fatigue.

Mr. Seereiter's friends in Detroit look upon his winning the match almost a certainty, but then the New York men predict the same thing for Mr. Phelan. But if Mr. Seereiter should take away from our townsman the laurels he has so long and so worthily worn, we are sure that Mr. Seereiter and his friends will not forget that, in his desire to avoid disputes and controversy, Mr. Phelan made many concessions in the arrangements for the present match, and that they will give him an opportunity of reasserting his skill in his own city and in complete health.

ADA LEIGH;

OR,

THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—JOTHAN DRAX.

THE position of Cecil Wykeham on the return of Sir Gerard Verner and Mr. Leigh, was one of peculiar embarrassment; for he had not only, in compliance with the abrupt command of Eleanor Verner, hastily to conceal the locket presented to him by Ada, as if it had been a secret gift; but he had also to hide away the lock of hair, which there was no time to return without an explanation, and which he was conscious he had no title to keep. He could not help feeling like one guilty of some underhand proceeding, paltry in itself, and unworthy his condition. He had been betrayed into it by

a self-willed, impulsive girl; and to spare her the unpleasant consequences which an explanation would entail, he obeyed her directions; but, nevertheless, though not to blame, his cheeks were crimsoned, and his ears burned and tingled, as he turned to speak to Sir Gerard Verner, like one who has been detected in the commission of some act of which he should be ashamed.

The usually clear-sighted knight, absorbed by the matter he had in hand, did not observe his confusion, but said,

"Mr. Wykeham, you will have to travel with Mr. Leigh far hence to-night, and I shall expect to see you here in two nights from this time. Your valise is already in the carriage, and Mr. Leigh has already taken leave of his daughter. You will receive all necessary instructions from him; and if he finds you as apt in future transactions as you were ready in the past, he will have no cause to complain of the arrangement you have jointly made."

Cecil was only too pleased at the opportunity to leave the apartment thus afforded, and he said hastily,

"I am ready, Sir Gerard, to go whither Mr. Leigh may deem it necessary."

He turned and bowed to Ada with an air of fervent respect. He could not forbear looking in her face. He saw a strange, timid, sorrowful expression in her eyes as his own encountered them: a cold thrill ran through his veins, and a feeling of despondency stole over him, such as he never remembered to have experienced.

He bowed again, but this time without looking at her, to Eleanor,

neath their own. It was in vain he strove to do this; he could not forget the sorrowful yet tender glance Ada had bent upon him, nor that flashing eye of Eleanor, which seemed to scintillate when it met his own, and call upon him to pay homage to her magnificent beauty. He sighed deeply and bitterly; a sad despondency settled on his spirit; he wished that he had never met either; that ere they had been thrown thus together, he had been laid with the only tie of kindred he had known, beneath the gray stone slab in the aisle of Old St. Mark's at Ingleby.

There are occasions when the stoutest hearts and firmest natures sink into dejection; and Cecil now was no exception to the rule. He had plenty of self-reliance, and was calm and self-possessed in the presence of immediate danger: it was when peril was distant, and could not be faced, that misgivings seized upon him.

Then, too, there is more peril in the eye of beauty than in most other dangers: surely, it is unnecessary, gentlemen, to say why! Cecil feared not to meet, to grapple with trial, change, vicissitude, or the ordinary hazards of this world of trial; but he did tremble to encounter the soft beaming gaze of liquid blue eyes, or the brilliant lustre of deep dark orbs.

"Brist-ol! Brist-ol! Brist-ol!" were sounds that greeted his ears as the train, grating and screeching unpleasantly, gradually came to a stand-still.

"Bristol!" exclaimed Mr. Leigh, suddenly rousing up from his slumber. "Bristol! Mr. Wykeham, this is our destination."



EXTERIOR OF FIREMEN'S HALL, DETROIT, WHERE THE BILLIARD MATCH BETWEEN MICHAEL PHELAN AND JOHN SEEREITER WAS PLAYED, ON TUESDAY, APRIL 12.



MICHAEL PHELAN, THE BILLIARD CHAMPION OF AMERICA.



JOHN SEEREITER, THE OPPONENT OF MICHAEL PHELAN IN THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH PLAYED IN DETROIT, APRIL 12.

and then retreated from the room. One glance at both as he reached the door. Ada had turned away, with her handkerchief to her eyes—grieving probably at parting with her father, who was still in weak health: but his eye, the following instant, caught sight of Eleanor's face; her eye was upon him; it met his own; it flashed like a meteor in a winter sky; but a moment, and she was removed from his sight by the closing door.

Thence all was hurry and bustle, until he found himself in a railway carriage by the side of Mr. Leigh, travelling at express speed.

Mr. Leigh at first maintained a conversation upon certain topics, which gave Cecil a slight insight into commercial matters, of which he stood greatly in need; but the exertion quickly became too much for the old gentleman, and he dropped into a slumber. Cecil had no desire to arouse him, as he had yet to subdue the tumult which the gift of Ada and the act of Eleanor had excited. Enabled now to think uninterruptedly, he tried to realise his position. But though he sought to be calm, and reason coldly upon it, he could not. He could only, with passionate admiration, behold clear before his eyes the gentle loveliness of Ada, and that enchanting vision, unbidden, would shift away for the terrible fascination of Eleanor's face and form. Her brilliant dark eye, her curling lip, her stately figure, passed before his mental sight, rudely, as it seemed, to shut out the angelic beauty of her cousin. It was in vain that he tried to banish both, and to direct his mind earnestly to the duty which he should be called upon to fulfil. It was in vain that he sought to reason with himself upon the folly, if not the madness, of indulging a notion that he could be ever ought to either more than he was now—a secretary, holding a station apparently be-

It was the first time Cecil was aware of it, for Mr. Leigh had not communicated to him whether he intended to take him, and Cecil had been too much engrossed by his own thoughts to make any inquiry, unconsciously commending himself to Mr. Leigh's good opinion in thus refraining to put an interrogatory, natural enough even in the mouth of those the least disposed to be inquisitive.

Cecil secured his own valise and Mr. Leigh's small bag; they passed through the crowded station and hired a vehicle, which, under Mr. Leigh's direction, drove them to a street in the vicinity of the docks. They stopped at a quiet-looking tavern, the sign of the Frozen Ship, where the vehicle was discharged, and they were ushered into a rather sombre-looking sitting-room, yet possessed of all the appliances requisite to make it comfortable.

Mr. Leigh smiled as he saw Cecil's eye run inquiringly round the apartment, and he laid his hand in a friendly manner on his shoulder.

"Chill-looking quarters, Mr. Wykeham," he said, "but we shall find them snug enough for the short time we may stay here—take my word for it. But to me they offer an advantage which more than compensates for their gloomy appearance. I am not unknown in this good old city of Bristol, Mr. Wykeham; but just at present I do not desire to be observed, and here it is unlikely that my presence will be discovered, for very few persons visit this old house."

"But what supports it if it has no customers?" asked Cecil with surprise.

"A sum left by the man who was the original landlord of the house, an Arctic seaman. The tradition connected with the man and his bequest is a strange one, and you are permitted to doubt as much of it as you please. Many years ago, one Michael Trane formed one of a crew belonging to a whaling-ship, the Good Hope, which sailed from the port of Hull. The vessel encountered very bad weather on the voyage, and on reaching the Northern seas became wedged in a pack of ice, and was driven with it far out of her proper course into a frozen, lonely, desolate region, where she became stationary in one gigantic plain of ice. Here the captain and crew remained for some time; but as there seemed to be no prospect of being released by the breaking of the weather, the captain determined on abandoning the ship, and by means of a pocket compass trying to find his way in company with his men to Greenland, where he expected to find a vessel to convey them back to England. Preparations were made for the journey, and every precaution taken to insure its success. Michael Trane, however, on the night before the expedition was to start, looked with grieving eyes on a puncheon of rum to be left behind, and he resolved at least to take away his skin full. Providing himself with a spile, he in the evening, after the men had retired to rest, stole to the rum cask, and stowing himself behind it, so that if overcome with the fumes of the liquor he might quietly sleep off the effects, he commenced operations, and drinking the spirit from the small hole he had bored, after a certain time lost all recollection, not at all unnatural under the circumstances. Upon recovering his senses he found himself in utter darkness. He felt ill and his head was aching, but as there was no sound right or left of him he concluded it was yet night, and groped his way to his berth; and entering it slept again to wake languid, but perfectly recovered from his torpor. He leaped out of his hammock, made for the deck, and gazed with half-blinded eyes around him. Ice, ice, ice, everywhere, but not a living soul; he called aloud, shouted; he ran with frenzied haste over the vessel, but not a breathing living thing could he meet—even the dog was gone; the ship was deserted and he was alone. The captain and ship's company were gone without him. They must have missed him, and yet did not think to look for him where he lay hidden. That, however, was never, nor ever will be known, for nothing has been since heard of captain and crew. He was thus left alone, the denizen of a region of eternal ice."

"What a horrible situation!" exclaimed Cecil.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Leigh, "certainly it must be a preferable condition to be cast upon a desert island, for there at least there is light and life and motion. Where Trane was placed everything was frozen motionless. To shorten the story, with the whole details of which I am unacquainted, and to prevent its becoming tedious to you, enough to say that the man remained imprisoned in the ship for five years."

"What provisions had he?" inquired Cecil, a little amazed.

"Enough had been left behind to sustain life when carefully eked out. One day a tremendous storm arose, separated the sea of ice, drove him, vessel and all, about the Polar Sea for weeks, until at last he turned up in Hudson's Bay. Here he contrived to land—made his way to the settlement—remained for some years in the service—came home tolerably well off—found that his relations had left Hull to settle here—opened this house—called it the Frozen Ship—circulated his story—persons thronged to see a man who for five years had been utterly alone on a sea of ice, and he made a sufficient sum to leave, after handsomely providing for his relations, an amount the interest of which provides the means of keeping his house open. Its popularity has died away under the great changes which Bristol of late years has undergone, and it is now but little frequented."

"It looks as though the frozen breath of the dead man rested on the hearth, the furniture, the pictures, the hangings, and pervaded the very atmosphere in this room," observed Cecil.

"It is said that his spirit reigns here," responded Mr. Leigh, with a smile.

"I should rather say it freezes here," rejoined Cecil.

Mr. Leigh smiled again this time, a little grimly, as though he was not plunged into a violent fit of admiration by this small attempt at wit upon which Cecil, to his own surprise, had ventured.

"We shall see a change presently," quietly remarked Mr. Leigh.

As the words quitted his lips an old man, attired in the costume of fifty years back, glided silently into the apartment. He bore in his arms some ship-oak logs, which he placed upon a half-expired fire. They were soon kindled into a blaze; extra lights were brought, and a good supper was placed upon the table, of which Cecil partook but sparingly, and Mr. Leigh even yet more frugally.

When the cloth was removed, Mr. Leigh said—

"In the morning, Mr. Wykeham, I shall require you to execute a mission. You will please now to give me your attention, and I will describe its nature to you."

Cecil drew his chair closer to him, and for two hours they remained in close and earnest conversation. When Cecil retired to rest his manner was thoughtful and even anxious. He was ushered into a small room, fitted up like the cabin of a ship, and threw himself into a bed which seemed to have been made up in a huge tray, fitted in a recess not unlike a cupboard. But the bed was soft, the covering ample; he was very weary, and soon fell asleep, dreaming of floating on a polar sea, and of Ada's eyes as the only bright blue stars which glittered in the dark clouded sky.

In the morning he breakfasted alone, and, without having an interview with Mr. Leigh, bent his steps to the locality to which he had been directed. He paused before a house, on the open door of which, with miraculous tenacity, yet clung an old brass plate, whereon with difficulty might be deciphered "Jothan Drax."

"This is the house, and that is the name of the man I am to confer with," exclaimed Cecil.

He ascended with a light step the stairs, and halting before a door, upon which the name of Drax appeared, tapped gently at it, opened it quietly, and closed it behind him as he entered the room.

Kneeling down in a corner, deeply engaged in examining the contents of an iron chest, was an old man of spare and attenuated frame. As his back was towards Cecil, the latter perceived that the crown of his head was bald, but it was surrounded with a tolerable quantity of fine hair, not gray, but a dingy drab, as though a large proportion of the dust, which seemed to have settled on nearly everything in the room, had not passed over him without powdering his hair properly.

Cecil saw that either his entry was unperceived and unheard, or

that the old man was like certain authorities in Government offices, who do not appear to observe and will not take notice of business men, though their time is a thousand times more valuable, until it quite suits them to do so. Cecil did not make any further attempt to render his presence known, but seated himself quietly by a table in the centre of the room, on which rested a desk, surrounded by an immense accumulation of papers, all carefully and methodically arranged.

Cecil heard the old man muttering to himself; he tried to catch what he said, and contrived to make out,

"I feel sure I put it here, though it is years and years ago since I hid it away. Oh, oh, oh! O-oh! O-oh! um! We're near it now, O-o-o-oh! Must be here—I know it must, O-o-o-oh! Ha! I wonder what the fellow wants with it? Shan't have a sight of it even, without I have the money down. Oh! a rogue. Ha! a rogue. O-o-oh! a sad rogue. O-o-o-oh! a reckless rogue. O-o-o-oh!"

He now adjusted a pair of spectacles, the glasses of which were as large as crown pieces, encased in iron rims, and returned to his task, muttering all the time. At length he exclaimed,

"Ho! ho! here it is! here it is! here it is! O-o-o-oh!"

He rose from his knees and moved towards the table, bearing in his hand a folded skin of parchment, on the outside of which, in bold characters, appeared some writing, and which the quick eye of Cecil read and detected at a glance.

No one will attempt to deny that strange coincidences occur in everyday life. Persons suddenly thought of are unexpectedly met at an opportune moment; events fall out concurrently that it was almost out of the pale of probability should happen together. A singular coincidence occurred at this moment to Cecil—one, indeed, he could not have possibly conjectured would take place.

As he deciphered the endorsement upon the parchment, he, with a singular emotion passing over his frame, knew that it was the very document which had brought him to this place; first, to ascertain whether it was really in existence, and secondly, if that proved to be the fact, to, if possible, obtain it.

He felt the action of his heart quicken; he sat, however, motionless.

The eyes of the old man were fastened upon the endorsement as he moved to the table, where he seated himself, placing the skin before him, still without discovering Cecil; and once more re-adjusting his spectacles, re-perused the writing.

"Here it is," he murmured, "O-o-o-oh! Here it is, after being kept from the light for years—for years—O-o-o-oh! The fellow must have wrung the secret out of Nabal. He would have wrung it out of me, perhaps—ugh! Nabal's an ass. Wrung it out of me, indeed! Ho! ho! I should just like to see—"

He raised his eyes, and they lighted on Cecil.

For an instant he sat as if transfixed, aghast with astonishment and terror. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Who are y-y-y-you?" he gasped.

Cecil also rose to his feet.

"That you shall know by-and-by," he replied, in an emphatic tone.

"You are Jothan Drax?"

The old man made him no reply for a moment. His face grew livid; his gray eyeballs seemed to be starting from their sockets; his jaw dropped; his dusty hair, thin and straggling, stood out as if under the influence of electricity. After several spasmodic efforts to articulate, he murmured in hoarse accents,

"Does the grave really give up its dead? Can the spirits of the departed revisit the earth—say, why are you here?"

"For this document," exclaimed Cecil, laying hold suddenly of the parchment, and removing it from the table. "Conquer your terror," he added, "I am no ghost, but a mortal as yourself."

The old man, at the sound of his voice, shivered as with an ague. The words were not, however, lost upon him. He kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the face of Cecil as though he would make himself master of every lineament. Suddenly he commenced gliding slowly round the table, never once removing his eyes, and approaching Cecil as though by touch to assure himself that his visitor was actually flesh and blood, and no spectre.

Interested by his manner Cecil watched his movement with attention; the old man tottered as if palsied by the fright which had attended the discovery of his unexpected guest. He drew nearer and nearer with slow and feeble steps; but when within three or four feet, with a sudden bound he made a dash at the parchment.

By a dexterous movement Cecil saved it from his clutches and stuffed it beneath his vest. With a yell the old man sprang upon him like a wild cat, and fastening upon his throat, cried hoarsely,

"The deed! the deed! give me up that deed, or I'll strangle you; I'll murder you; I'll tear you limb from limb."

It was only by calling into action his utmost strength, and even then only by a manoeuvre that Cecil succeeded in forcing the old man's fingers from his throat. When he had done so he bore him back to his chair and compelled him to sit.

"Give me back that deed," growled the old man, "the deed! the deed!"

"Be silent and hearken unto me, Jothan Drax," responded Cecil, keeping still a firm hold of him.

"I won't, robber, wretch!—the deed! I'll call the constables," half shrieked the old man.

"Ay! do," rejoined Cecil, in clear, firm tones, "but before you could prefer a charge against me, I would give you into custody."

"Me—me into custody, give me into custody. What! I, Jothan Drax, villain and robber?—oh, wretch! wretch!" cried the old man, struggling to release himself.

"Remain quiet, miserable old man!" exclaimed Cecil, emphatically, "or if you will shout I will out-shout you, and you who best know how you can face certain charges of burglary, fraud and forgery, shall decide whether the officers of justice shall be called in, or whether you shall quietly listen and reply to the matters I came here to discuss with you."

"Take away your hands from my wrists; my poor old wrists!" groaned Drax.

"Which way have you determined to decide?" inquired Cecil, sternly adding, "If it be to summon a constable, I will myself do it. If you elect to hear me, I shall lock the door and retain the key during our conference."

"Who are you?" asked old Jothan, peering at him once again beneath his lashless eyelids.

"I am here as the representative of Mr. Spencer Leigh," replied Cecil.

Jothan Drax uttered a sound, something between a grunt and groan, as if the communication had not improved the state of his feelings.

"And also," added Cecil, "of Sir Gerard Verner."

"I knew it," groaned Drax, sinking back in his chair, utterly powerless.

"How say you, a constable or a conference?" asked Cecil.

"Lock the door! lock the door!" cried Drax, quickly, "I will hear what you have to say, O-o-o-oh! Oh dear, I feel so ill, O-o-o-oh! Mr. Verner, I'm a poor old man, a very old man."

Cecil locked the door, and retaining possession of the key, returned to face old Drax.

"My name is not Verner, Mr. Drax!" he exclaimed, seating himself opposite to him, "but I appear here for him, and if you choose to address me by that name, you can. Yet I think it would be wiser not."

"To be sure, to be sure, whatever you please, Mr. Verner," returned Jothan Drax, in a whining voice.

"I tell you I am not Mr. Verner," rejoined Cecil. "It matters little what my name may be, give me any name you like, but I repeat it will scarcely be prudent for you to affix it to me."

"Oh, I am a weak, thoughtless old man," moaned Drax, "so easily deluded by the wicked and designing, and I am very ill, and—pray go on with what you have to say to me, O-o-o-oh!"

"I have already been favored with a very close insight into your

character," returned Cecil. "I can therefore spare you the pain of self-praise. I know with what manner of man I have to deal; and you will in good time be able to appreciate the qualities I possess. Now, Jothan Drax, being well aware that you are an arrant rogue, as old in knavery, if possible, as in years; I shall deal with you as I should with an open and acknowledged scoundrel—"

"Sir, you are deceived in me," interposed Drax, with a deprecating tone.

"Not yet!" exclaimed Cecil, "and if I can help it, I do not intend to be. Now, Jothan Drax, you are to be bought—"

"Bought!" echoed Drax, raising up his hands, "bought? O-o-o-oh! how I have been slandered to you, my good young man, O-o-o-oh!"

"I repeat bought," answered Cecil, "I am here to know your price, and if possible—nay, there can be no if in the matter—I am here to come to terms with you."

"Bought—price—terms, O-o-o-oh!" exclaimed the old man, as though much afflicted, a cunning leer at Cecil nevertheless lurking in his hard gray eye.

Cecil waved his hand, and said,

"This deed which I hold in my possession, partly concerning which I came hither—"

"And which you will return to me?" suggested Drax, with anxious eagerness.

"Unquestionably not," responded Cecil, adding rather sternly, "I beg you will not interrupt me. This deed is but one of a set—though probably the most valuable of the number—which it is of serious importance should be regained by the gentleman into whose hands it is my intention to place the one I have recovered."

"But my good young man," cried Drax, nervously, "I have not got the set of which you are now speaking; I know nothing about them, and that deed I cannot part with. It was deposited with me in trust; I might as well resign my life, as deliver up that document to you."

"You will certainly surrender your liberty if you attempt by any foul means—for fair you cannot use—to recover it," returned Cecil.

"Mark me, Drax, the circumstances under which this document came into your possession are known, every incident connected with it has been traced home to you, proofs are possessed, witnesses are living and ready to be produced at a moment's notice. Shall I mention the name of one, Dan Choote—"

Cecil paused and eyed the old man closely. He became livid, and globules of perspiration broke out, and stood like large beads upon his forehead.

"Dead," he muttered, "dead, long since, dead."

"No, he lives," replied Cecil, with emphasis, "he has lasted out his term of transportation and is back here in England, located in a spot known only to Sir Gerard Verner. He is supported by him, and is ready to come forward to reveal facts which—"

"Are you quite sure that what you say is true?" gasped old Drax.

"I am," returned Cecil; "more, that he has given up certain papers, for whose destruction you would have given half you are worth, miser that you are. In addition to this, he has pointed out where certain valuables are to be discovered, of whose existence only he, you and Nabal Black were aware."

"Can you swear this?" ejaculated old Drax, half-choking.

"It is unnecessary," returned Cecil, coolly; "you have but to refuse to come to terms with me, and I will prove the truth of what I assert, sadly to your discomfiture, within twenty-four hours."

"Your terms! your terms! your terms!" convulsively ejaculated Drax, "I will do anything I can to serve Sir Gerard Verner."

"And Mr. Leigh," subjoined Cecil.

"Oh, that excellent gentleman, Mr. Leigh," whined old Drax, "that kind, beneficent gentleman, so ill-used, too, O-o-o-o-oh! how can I serve him?"

"You shall hear how to serve both," returned Cecil. "You are a friend of Nabal Black's?"

"He is a client, only a client of mine, not a friend!" exclaimed Drax, eagerly.

"Both friend and client," persisted Cecil. "Now, my first business with you has this relation to him—"

At this moment both were startled by a sudden loud knock at the room door.

(To be continued.)

ACCIDENT AT NEWBURYPORT.

A SHORT time ago, a Mr. Charles Sanborn, of Salisbury, was crossing the Newburyport bridge on his return home, having a loaded team, drawn by two yoke of oxen, when he was alarmed by a cracking noise beneath his feet. He had just time to beat a hasty retreat, and on looking round saw the whole affair, bridge, cart and oxen precipitated in a confused mass into the Merrimac river. The leading oxen disengaged themselves from the tongue, and were drawn ashore, but those attached to the cart were drowned.

The timbers of the broken draws were of white pine, and for some time past the bridge has been much out of repair, but nothing had been done to render it safe.

THE PRESS IN NEBRASKA.

WE give an account of an affair which took place at Omaha, Nebraska Territory, a short time ago.

The editor of the *Nebraskanian*, in a late issue of his paper, made some rather personal remarks upon one Mr. William Young Brown, on his return to that city. The wife of the gentleman referred to took great umbrage at this, and stationed herself at the post office, to have an opportunity of questioning the offending editor.

Accordingly, as he was coming out of the office with his exchange papers in his hands, the following pleasant little conversation took place:

"Are you Mr. R.—, the editor of the *Nebraskanian*?"

"I am, madam."

"Then I will teach you to libel my husband!"

With these words the lady (?) produced a cowhide, and commenced applying it to the head and shoulders of the man of letters, but he, not liking the discipline, seized her arm and prevented any further application.

The lady's brother-in-law and husband then interfered, and took her under their charge.

During the struggle the editor got his face scratched, but no serious injury was inflicted.

This scene occurred about twelve o'clock A.M., and about three o'clock in the afternoon the brother-in-law of the lady who had chastised the editor happened to pass by where a large crowd were collected upon the sidewalk, talking about the affair, and the probable result of it. The editor was also in the crowd, and when he saw the brother-in-law approaching he drew a revolver, and was about to discharge it, when his opponent closed with him and wrested the weapon from his hand.

The crowd, as usual, took opposite sides, and cries of "Let them fight!" "No; part them!" filled the air, and for some time there was every indication of a general row.

The would-be combatants having been removed, the excitement was allayed, but it is expected that the affair will not end without some bloodshed.

A Love Frank.—A lady, circulating in the best society of Paris, and who was generally supposed to have passed that age when the sex feminine is affected by the tender passion, undertook last summer a journey to the East. In passing through Brouse, in Asia Minor, she saw Abdel-Kader, and was at once inspired with an immoderate love for this son of the Prophet. The lady has lately returned to Paris. She has sold her chateau in the country, her elegant mansion in town, and is, in a word, turning her whole fortune into ready money. She announces her intention of starting again for Brouse, to take up her residence near the ex-Emir without doubt. But what if Abdel-Kader himself should abdicate—frustrated into exile by having so evident a "dead set" made at him by a lady of such an unpleasantly certain age?

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